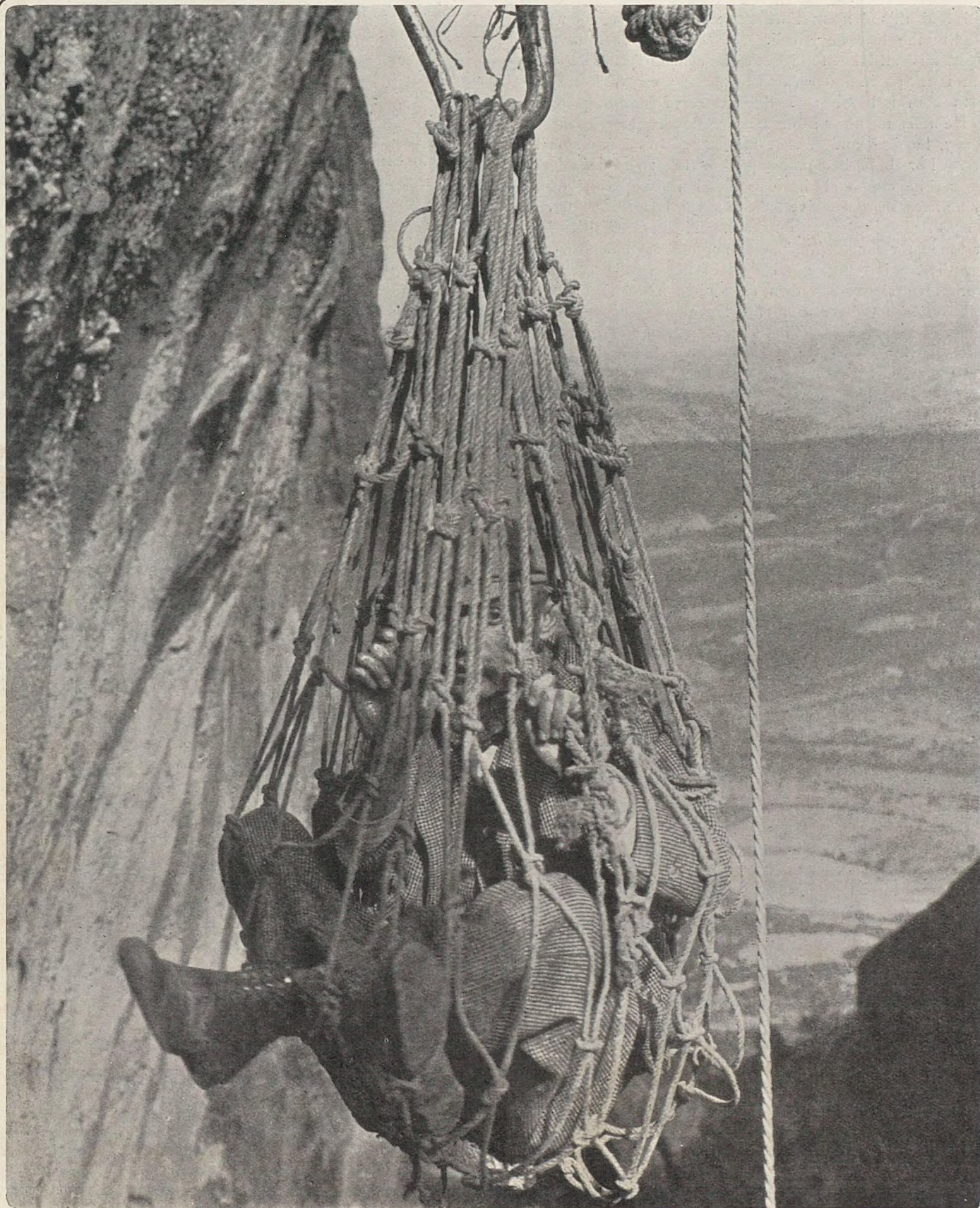


The Sketch

No. 879A.—Vol. LXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1909.

SIXPENCE.



VISITING MADE EASY! THE ONLY WAY OF REACHING THE MONASTERY OF ST. BARLAAM, IN GREECE.

Our photograph shows how those visiting the monastery of St. Barlaam must ascend to it, in a "bag" of netted rope. St. Barlaam, it may be noted, was a hermit of Sinai, Counsellor of Josaphat, in the romance "Barlaam and Josaphat," which is supposed to have been written, in the eighth century, by St. John of Damascus, and was translated into Latin before the thirteenth century. The story tells how Barlaam converted Josaphat, son of an Indian king, to Christianity and asceticism. The Casket Scene in "The Merchant of Venice" owes its being to this romance. Another holy man of the same name, Bernard Barlaam, died in the middle of the fourteenth century. He was a Calabrian monk of Greek descent, and did much towards restoring Greek learning in the West.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

TO BE BOUGHT IMMEDIATELY: "THE SKETCH" CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

"The Sketch" Christmas Number was published on Monday last. Those who wish to secure copies should obtain them at once, as but few remain unsold. Included in the issue are a number of new and special features; a splendid Coloured Plate is presented with it; and there are three other coloured plates in the body of the paper. Further, there are stories by famous authors, and seasonable pictures by famous artists. The price is One Shilling, as usual.

MOTLEY NOTES.

PARIS.

ENGLISH SPOKEN: AMERICAN UNDERSTOOD.

YOU will find this delightful little notice in the window of a shop in the Rue de Rivoli. My barber, who drew my attention to it, has all the foreigner's inordinate pride in his English. He is a Spaniard, and came to Paris by way of London. An attempt to earn a living as a hairdresser in Madrid proved disastrous. He tells me that it cannot be done. People there have no money, he says, and, if they had, they would not spend it on barbers. For him, his philosophy of life is to make as much money as he can and have as good a time as he can. That is why he lives in Paris. It seems that the English language gave him no particular trouble to master. He assures me that it is a "ver ici langwisch to spik." German and French are very much harder. There is still a good deal of the Spaniard about him, however. He shaves his own chin once a week only; it is too much trouble to shave oftener. He does very well out of the dressing of ladies' hair. That department of the business is a "very strong thing" with him. To prove his proficiency, he called my attention to a framed diploma, which he calls a "luffy picture." Two days a week—Sunday and Monday—he makes holiday. "You come again in soon? Yes? Good-bye."

"Grapes." "Good-bye" and "Allright" are catch-words in Paris. It is quite startling to hear them coming suddenly from the lips of a Frenchman who knows no other English. Danilo, in "La Veuve Joyeuse," makes a tremendous hit when he says to Sonia, "I luv you." But the most businesslike repertory that has so far come under my notice is the property of the youth who serves me with fruit. Directly one gets inside the shop he calls out, "Good-morning! Grapes?" An Englishman or an American to him is immediately suggestive of grapes. Having completed your purchase, as they say, and paid your money at the desk, you are startled to hear the same youth calling out from the cellar or the top of a ladder, "Good-bye." These are the magic English words with which he will, in all probability, carve his way to fortune: "Good morning—grapes—good-bye." The other assistants stand in considerable awe of the scholar. His flow of easy, natural conversation in a foreign tongue bewilders them. They defer to him on all subjects connected with England or America. On the strength of those four words he can talk down his shopmates on any question of foreign policy, and I suspect that, as the linguist of the business, his salary rises by leaps and bounds. Will all young English fruiterers kindly note?

"Le Salut au Drapeau."

A discussion is raging in the *Gaulois* on the above subject. The discussion is not being carried on by the male readers; it is easy enough for them to raise the hand to the forehead should they happen to meet a regiment of soldiers marching with flag unfurled. But the women-readers are tremendously anxious, all of a sudden, to know how they, in their turn, can pay tribute to the adored emblem. They are all agreed that it is absurd for a woman to salute in the masculine fashion. To begin with, one's hat very often gets in the way. Again, they feel foolish in such an attitude. What, then, to do? The suggestions are various. One correspondent thinks it would be a good idea to stand still and press the hand upon the heart. Others protest that this attitude is too romantic. Another ardent lady declares that, as the flag passes, she always makes the sign of the cross; her friends point out to her that she does the same thing when a funeral passes. You must not look upon the flag and a funeral in the same light. That would never do. The flag is an emblem of life. Further, the happy idea

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

has occurred to somebody else that the ladies should agitate their mouchoirs at the flag. Against, we are told that this would be too joyous and not sufficiently respectful.

The Problem Officially Solved.

The official advice of the journal is this: When you meet the flag, be very particular to get yourself into a strained attitude. Stop quite still, look at it with all your might, and then, as it travels past, just bow the head slightly. "Do this," pleads the writer. "You need not worry about your face. That is sure to attract attention. And I can promise you that the biggest anti-military blackguard living will respect you for your sweetness and dignity." It is possible. I like better, though, for everyday use, the suggestion of the lady who would have every member of her sex raise the right hand, as though she were taking an oath. As our ingenious correspondent points out, you could do this anywhere with complete success, "even in an automobile." I hope the discussion will be carried on for a long while.

At Olympia.

I found the twenty-seven scenes of "La Grande Revue" at Olympia rather boring. There is any amount of action in it, some wonderfully painted scenery, and the management guarantee you over a thousand different costumes. But the fun is very crude, very childish, quite lacking in subtlety. It would not do for London. As for poor Mlle. Germaine Charley, the unfortunate *commère*, one's limbs ached in sheer sympathy with her. It is almost time to abolish the convention of the *compère* and *commère* unless the authors can make a genuine use of them. The mere sight of the poor things standing down by the proscenium the whole evening is enough to tire an audience.

At the Alhambra.

I saw an eccentric sketch at the Alhambra, played by the "Werner-Amoros" troupe, that is pretty sure to come to London. "Scène comique dans l'atelier" is the ingenuous description of it at present. It has been done by this amazing little company in Germany, but I happened to see the first (and trial) performance of it in Paris. For wild fun of a really humorous and quite legitimate sort, I have never seen anything to equal this sketch. Every member of the company is an acrobat-juggler-comedian. I can recommend it cordially to the attention of Mr. Hicks.

It Might Have Caused a Duel.

Duelling is very much the fashion. So far, I have not been called out; but I had a near shave the other night. I was dining in a well-known café on the Boulevard des Italiens. A little table to my right, snugly tucked away in a corner, was unoccupied. The night was cold, and I was filled with envy when one of the boys brought a very comfortable-looking foot-warmer and placed it carefully beneath the unoccupied table. Waiting my opportunity, I just stooped down, grabbed the foot-warmer—quite an elaborate affair—popped it under my table, and placed my feet upon it. A minute later, a very peevish old gentleman sat down at the table on my right and felt for his foot-warmer. It was not there. He called loudly for the boy, for the waiter, for the superintendent, and for the proprietor. They all came, running. Where was the foot-warmer? It was outrageous, scandalous, insufferable, incredible! They looked about. (I, in the meantime, was quietly reading my paper.) Alas! They saw it beneath my feet! The old man glared murderously at me. I felt sure that he would challenge me. . . . After he had gone, I learned that he had dined at that table every night for ten years, that the foot-warmer was his own especial property, and that he paid the boy sixpence a day to fill it with boiling water and place it in position. Of course, I was awfully sorry.

AGAIN DYING NIGHTLY IN THE INTERESTS OF HER ART:
 MME. SARAH BERNHARDT IN "LE PROCÈS DE JEANNE D'ARC."



THE MAID OF ORLEANS FOR THE SECOND TIME: MME. SARAH BERNHARDT AS JOAN OF ARC.

For the second time, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is appearing as the Maid of Orleans; on this occasion it is in M. Emil Moreau's new play, "Le Procès de Jeanne D'Arc," which was produced in Paris the other day. Anticipating the production, a writer in the "Westminster" pointed out: "Mme. Sarah Bernhardt will have a congenial part as Joan of Arc, and once again she will be called upon nightly to sacrifice her life in the interests of her art. . . . An ingenious statistician once computed the number of death-scenes that Mme. Bernhardt had enacted. Her deaths by self-administered poison, it was calculated, amounted roughly to ten thousand; she had jumped into the scenic artist's Seine over seven thousand times; had sent over five thousand bullets into her head from a revolver, and so on."—[Photographs by Manuel.]

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE DOLLY BAG: THE PARISIAN LADY'S LATEST
"USEFUL TOY."

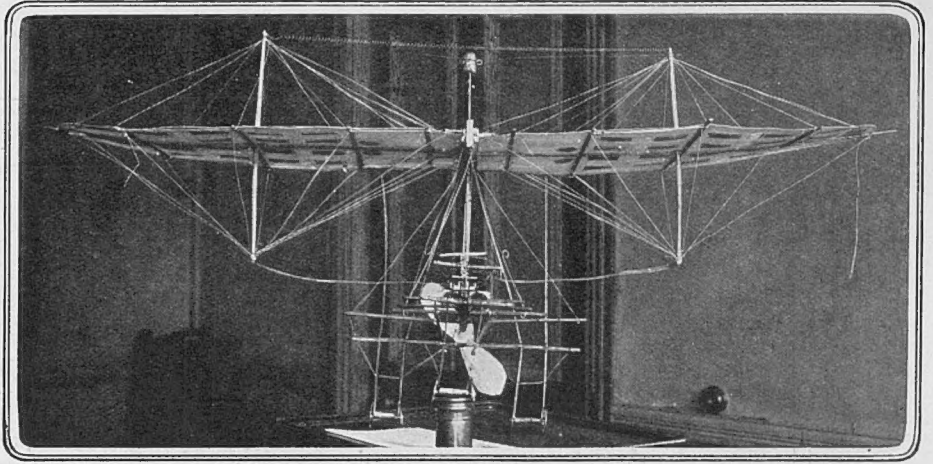
The Dorothy Bag has long been with us; now comes the latest of its successors, the "Dolly Bag." This is made in the semblance of a doll dressed in the height of fashion of bygone days or to-day. Its popularity is as undeniable as are its freakishness and its charm. No longer, evidently, is la poupée to be a delight to the little girl alone.

Photograph by Deltus.



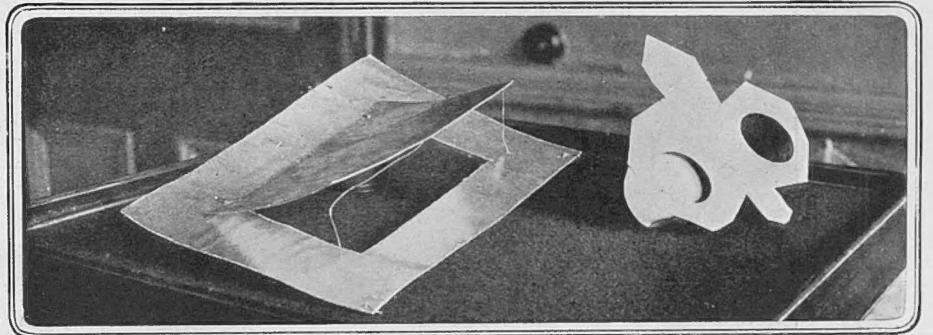
THE DOLLY BAG: THE NEW "CREATION" OPEN.

As we have noted, the figures are those of modish ladies of these and other days. The one illustrated represents a beauty of the time of Louis XV., which, as a bag, must surely be much more capacious than those that reproduce the wearer's sheath gowns or tube frocks. It would appear that, before long—possibly in time for Christmas—some of the dainty little ladies will make the voyage across La Manche.—[Photograph by Deltus]



A FLYING-MACHINE THAT IS TO BE USED WITHOUT A MOTOR: THE MODEL
OF THE BLOUNT-DE LACY FLYER.

Lady Blount and Dr. C. de Lacy Evans, chief amongst the Zetetics—that is to say, those who believe that the earth is flat—have perfected a model of a new flying-machine, based on the bird in flight. To quote Lady Blount: "It is not an aeroplane, but a flying-machine, in which cogwheels are absent and motor revolutions are not required."



INVENTED BY THE CHIEF BELIEVER IN THE FLAT-EARTH THEORY: THE NEW VALVE
AND THE OLD VALVE OF LADY BLOUNT'S "FLYING BIRD."

Naturally enough a firm believer in her theories, Lady Blount intends, in due course, to prove their value by testing the Blount-De Lacy Flyer in public herself. On the occasion of the first attempt to fly and for the preliminary experiments a motor will be used, but it is argued that, with the aid of the invention, an athlete will be able to fly the machine without a motor. A note concerning the invention appears on page j.



"A GAME FOR EVERY CLASS OF BOTH SEXES": MR. BALFOUR OPENING THE MID-KENT
GOLF COURSE AT GRAVESEND.

Mr. Balfour once again gave evidence of his keen interest in golf last week, when he opened the Mid-Kent Club's course at Gravesend, and made an excellent first drive. The ex-Premier and Braid played against the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton and Harry Vardon. The result was a tie. In opening the new course, Mr. Balfour regretted that south of the Tweed golf had not yet become "a game indiscriminately for every class of both sexes." He hoped that all interested in the game would do their best to extend it to every class of the community.

A NEW DANCE CRAZE? THE VAMPIRE SUCCEEDS SALOME.



"A RAG AND A BONE AND A HANK OF HAIR": MISS MILDRED DEVEREZ AND MR. TOM TERRISS
IN "THE VAMPIRE DANCE," FOUNDED ON KIPLING'S "A FOOL THERE WAS—"

It would seem that we are to have a new craze, a new "boom" in dances. As successor to the "Merry Widow" waltz, Salome, the Maud Allan and Isadora Duncan "classics," and the Apache, comes a dance based on Kipling's "Rag and a Bone and a Hank of Hair" poem, "A Fool There Was." This is being presented at the Tivoli by Miss Mildred Deverez and her husband, Mr. Tom Terriss, who are here shown in it; and also at the London Hippodrome, by Miss Alice Eis and Mr. Bert French. Of the Tivoli version, it has been written: "She is a Vampire seeking for men to ruin and kill, soul and body. . . A young artist enters. . . The Vampire sees him. . . Then follows the dance of temptation. . . So she drags him lower and lower, until at last, as he lies helpless at her feet, she suddenly grapples with him, bites him at the throat. He rolls off and down the steps, dead. She laughs and dances, waiting for another victim."—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.]

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 The Theatre will be CLOSED on FRIDAY NEXT, Dec. 3, in consequence of a ROYAL
 COMMAND to appear at Sandringham.

NEW THEATRE. THE WOMAN IN THE CASE.

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 MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS. At 8.30., Mats. 2.30., THE DEPUTY SHERIFF.

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December 1, 1909.

Signature

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DECEMBER 4.

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PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

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TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

BRUMMELL

IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER

By COSMO HAMILTON

The Domestic Type, b' Jove.

I have now gone thoroughly into the question of how to make love to the Knowin' Type, the Ingénue Type, the Red-headed Type, the Black Type, and the Actress Type, and I'm glad to think that poor dear old Bee has not lived in vain, and that a host of men will now know how to make love and why not to marry. I shall not, I suppose, get a statue for this. No waste piece of land will carry me, undressed as a Roman warrior, or rigged up in an abortive frock-coat and creasy trousers and very square-toed boots, such as they put England's great men into. I expect no gratitude, and very much hope I may dodge the M.V.O. and other stationmaster orders. Unlike the philanthropists, I am content to have done good for its own sake. Be good, dear lad, and let who will be knighted, and so forth and so on. In dealing with the sixth type, the Domestic Type, you may be surprised to hear that I

earnest eye and a thimble mounted on the right finger. Domesticity is not merely a hobby of hers, it is a characteristic, d'y'see, a chronic thing, a sort of desire. I believe that she is even domestic when in her sleep. Long before she is a wife she is a housewife. Long before she has children she is a mother. I feel that this is poetical. However.

Your Best Friend's Wife.

Cheerful she always is. Aggressive ever. Utterly without side, she will hunt you over as you stand, and, your first discomfort at an end, you will begin by wishin' that she were your sister, and possibly wind up with a fervent hope that she will be your best friend's wife. But in makin' love to her you must pander. Even to her, because, mark you, she is a woman; you must lay yourself out to give her trouble, because she likes trouble; she is on the look-out for trouble; trouble is part and parcel of her daily round. I mean that you must master the requirements of the domestic woman, and never do the things that she wants you to do, otherwise she will think that you are selfish. That is to say, that you must not, when returning from a wet golf-course, wipe your feet upon the mat or scrape them on the scraper. You must enter the hall with all the sods upon them. This will enable her to hold up her hands in delighted horror and clear those sods away. But another thing. You must not be tidy in your room, because—mark you this—she will enter that room. You can't prevent her. Breakfast over, and the shootin' party gone, up she goes, merry and bright, and, if she does not find your collars in the fireplace, and your razors naked, and your ties and handkerchiefs, and so forth and



THE SUFFRAGETTE SEAL: FORCED FEEDING AT THE "ZOO."

The seal arrived at the Zoo recently and refused food; hence the necessity for forced feeding. Curiously enough, the seal is grey, unrelieved by green, white, and violet.

Photographs by W. S. Rerridge.

have some very brainy things to say. I have thought, long and earnestly, about her, and she is, although I say it, easier and more comfortable to make love to than any of her sisters. And this is the reason, d'y'see. The Domestic Type is totally unaffected. She is a brusque and busy little bee, gathering honey all the time. You may know her, in whatever class of life she may be, by her waistline, which is normal. And by her hair, which curls naturally, or doesn't curl, and is natural. She is invariably neat about herself, and, unlike her sisters who suffer from that horrid disease called temperament, does not leave behind her patterns of hair-pins. Neither does she swear. Mostly she looks nice, though she is seldom pretty. She can wear an old pair of driving-gloves, six sizes too large, without apologies. In fact she never apologises. From early morn till dewy eve she is on the go. She has an absolute penchant for corners. In her treatment of servants, male and female, she is not unlike a good sheep-dog in her methods: I mean that she rounds 'em up, d'y'see, and barks cheerfully at their heels, and knows exactly when to stop. She is out of bed first and into it last. And, I am given to believe, it is she who turns out the lights, and that's something. She is always on the tidy, always on the look-out for the button, the little lost button, the ubiquitous button about which whole histories might be written, but not printed. Her father and brothers go forth into the world buttonful and without holes. If she has not got brothers, she adopts the people that stop in her father's house, and without a word of apology or explanation, and without fishing for praise or compliments, she will invade week-end portmanteaux, fish out all those things upon which buttons should grow, and look them over with an



IS FORCIBLE FEEDING COMFORTABLE? THE SUFFRAGETTE SEAL: HOLDING ITS JAW BY FORCE.

so on, scattered, so to speak, to the four winds of heaven, disappointment will ensue, speakin' in the Georgian manner. If you are a tidy person, therefore, and are on the verge of makin' love to her, you must carefully disarrange your room for her benefit. Because, however large the staff of the house may be, she will precede it with an open and searchin' eye. And when it comes to the point of sayin' sweet nothings in her ear, say them in the simple Saxon manner of the rude hamlet. For should you make a bloomer and drop into poetry your cheek will instantly smart with her palm. She is all for the normal. You cannot win her affection better than by takin' her a shirt and askin' her to sew a button upon its wristband. In acceptin' that little job, she will, nine times out of ten, accept you. That missin' button will have done the trick. She will marry you to sew it on, to sew its brothers on, and for the rest of your life she will round you up and bark at your heels and drive you into the enclosure, and dance round the little lambs. For, mark you, little lambs there will be, d'y'see.



THE CLUBMAN



Football in Portugal. The youth of Portugal may be congratulated that King Manuel saw and enjoyed at Eton the sight of the field game of football, and not the wall game, for there is little doubt that the youthful King on his return to Portugal will encourage there the English national winter game; and had he been impressed by the wall game at Eton the Portuguese boys would have to learn a game which only Etonians understand, and which no Etonian whom I have ever met could explain clearly to a man or boy who was educated at any other school. Portugal, I am sure, will this time next year see the Eton game or its first cousin, Association, played on the dusty parade-grounds near Lisbon. I cannot recall ever having seen the little boys of Portugal kick about a football, which is the first step most countries make before they begin to develop good football teams. The youth of the French villages and little towns kicked about the ball for some years before French teams became dangerous antagonists to our good English players. I have not yet read of an Italian team obtaining high distinction, but that is certain to come in time, for last autumn I noticed at a dozen Italian towns that the small boys of the country had got the football fever.

The American Game.

It is curious that football is spreading through Europe just as it seems to have reached in America a point of danger to the players which threatens its existence. The killed and wounded list of players in college games in America this year is such an appalling one that public opinion is beginning to make itself heard in a demand that football should be a prohibited game in the States.



WAXING FAMOUS: MR. S. F. CODY
AT MME. TUSSAUD'S.

Mr. S. F. Cody, who, it will be remembered, was naturalised during the Doncaster Aviation Meeting, is now more British than the British; indeed, he himself, according to report, has stated that he is the premier British aviator—a statement few will dispute. He has had the undoubted honour of being "done" in wax for Tussaud's, with the result here shown.

Photograph by Topical.

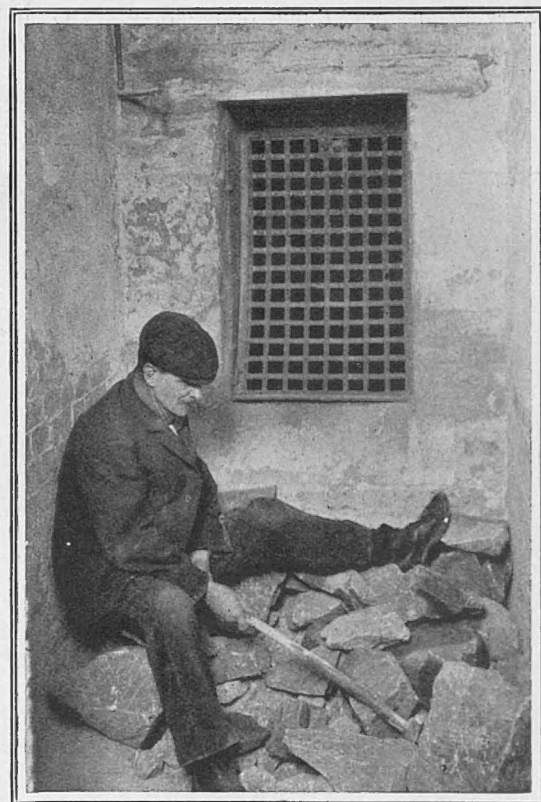
Comparatively free from viciousness and danger as it is nowadays. When that small boy at Rugby, forgetting in his enthusiasm all the rules of the game, seized in his arm the ball and ran with it, as is recorded on a tablet let into the wall of the field

behind the college buildings, he little dreamed that he was inventing a new form of the game which might lend itself to great ferocity. I played Rugby football in the days when loose hacking was permitted—that is to say, hacking within a distance of twenty-five yards from the ball—and when any member of one team was practically allowed almost anywhere on the field to kick any opponent as hard as he liked on the shins. The ball would travel away from a scrimmage, and would leave pairs of combatants kicking each other as hard as they could, and thinking nothing of the game except so far as disabling another player concerned in it. When I was at a crammer's at Woolwich we sent annually from the various Woolwich establishments a team to play against Blackheath. Blackheath at that time was supposed to put a team into the field which hacked harder than any other team in England. This football match was more like a gladiatorial show than any other game I have ever seen. The crowd was just as thirsty for blood as any Spaniard at a bull-fight, and woe to any Woolwich man who was collared near the edge of the ground or was pushed up to the crowd in a scrimmage, for the Blackheath roughs aided the Blackheath team whenever they could by a few kicks entirely on their own account. It showed well for the leg-bones of the future officers of the British Army that they never were broken in these hacking contests; but we used to come home to Woolwich with our legs looking as though they had been subjected to surgical operations. No doubt the American game is more brutal than Rugby used to be in those days, for we were maimed, but not killed. Loose hacking in England was very soon abolished by rule, and hacking on the ball soon followed it into the limbo of illegality.

Loose Hacking.

Rugby football in England has not always been as com-

paratively free from viciousness and danger as it is nowadays. When that small boy at Rugby, forgetting in his enthusiasm all the rules of the game, seized in his arm the ball and ran with it, as is recorded on a tablet let into the wall of the field



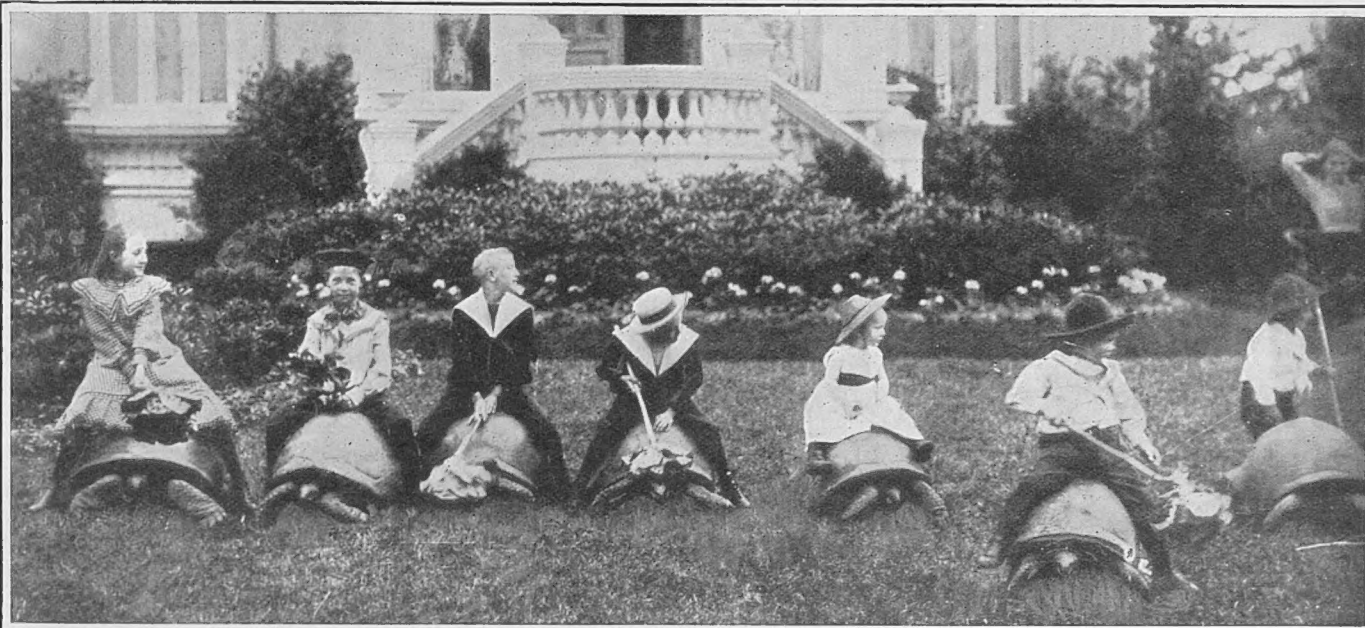
WORKING FOR HIS BOARD AND LODGING:
A CASUAL BREAKING STONES.

The casual—that is to say, the man (or the woman) who receives temporary relief in the workhouse of a parish not his own—has to work for the board and lodging given him. To quote "The Illustrated London News," which publishes in the current issue an excellent drawing of a casual shovelling the stones he has broken through the grating in his cell: "In the case of the particular workhouse illustrated, the casual enters the institution at five o'clock at night, receives bread and a basin of gruel (skilly), has a bath, and then goes to bed. In the morning, he has a breakfast of gruel and bread, and begins his task, the breaking of two hundredweight of stone into pieces of such a size that they will pass through the grating of his 'cell.' At midday he receives an ounce and a quarter of cheese and bread, and in the evening he has gruel and bread. The next morning he receives more gruel and bread, and has to leave the workhouse. He may not enter the same institution for a month."—[Photograph by Barratt.]

Chinese Football.

Of course, like everything else in this world, including gunpowder and astronomical instruments, football was invented in China, and the Chinese boys played it when British boys were running about neatly attired in a suit of blue woad, and when their only game was shooting with a bow and arrow. Chinese football, however, is quite unlike our English football, for the Chinese boys stand in a wide ring, and, striking the ball with the edge of the thick soles of their shoes, send it high in the air from one to the other. It is more like battledore and shuttlecock than like the game we know. In India I have seen wonderful developments of football, and I have a memory of a regiment of Pathans with naked feet and hair flying in the air chasing a football kicked before them just as they would chase some wild beast.

♣ ♣ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ♣ ♣



REAL TURLING: RIDING TORTOISES, AND URGING THEM FORWARD BY HOLDING LETTUCES BEFORE THEIR NOSES.

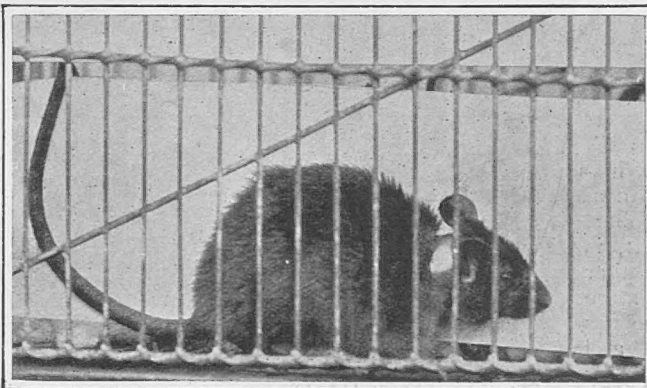
Our photograph shows a pastime that is practised at the Hagenbeck Zoological Gardens, Hamburg—the riding of large, live tortoises. Each child holds a lettuce on the end of a stick, dangling it before the steed's nose. By such an inducement is the tortoise made to walk forward in continual pursuit of the food.

Photograph by Max A. R. Brünner.



A VERY CREDULOUS ANTIQUARY: FIGURES ON A BOGUS GREEK VASE.

The original engraving, supposed to represent figures on an ancient Greek vase, was made in a fit of jealousy by two antiquaries, and though it must have been fairly obvious to all that figures in such attitudes were not likely to be found on a real vase, a certain learned author was duped to the extent of reproducing it in one of his works. An archæologist is seen pursuing a draped figure of Fame, who, flying from the archæologist, with finger to nose, exclaims: "A long way off, my fine fellow."—[By permission of "World's Work."]



RAT! A RODENT WITH A SMALL BRASS RING AS A COLLAR, AN ORNAMENT HE MUST HAVE ATTAINED BY ACCIDENT.

When this rat was caught it was found to have a small brass ring fitted tightly round its neck. How the ring got into its position is a problem, for it is much too small to pass over the head of the rat. Evidently the beast put its head through it when it was quite small, and never shook it off. Should the rat grow, and should no one be found to remove the ring, the rodent will most surely be choked. The rat was caught in the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, and is an ordinary wild rat.—[Photograph by H. M. Sams.]



BLOWING THEIR OWN TRUMPETS: LAMAS WITH GREAT HORNS AT PUNAKHA.

These great horns are seen, for instance, on New Year's Day in Tibet, when a special dance is given by Lamas to the sound of them.



MR. JOHN RANDALL PARSONS, NEPHEW OF THE LATE LORD ROSSE, WHOSE WEDDING TO THE HON. ALICE O'NEILL TOOK PLACE LAST MONDAY (29TH).

groom Mr. John Randall Parsons. Mr. John Randall Parsons is a nephew, through his father, of the late Lord Rosse, in his day among the most distinguished members of the Upper House, famed for his scientific attainments both at home and abroad, and a peer whom even the most Radical Socialist might well regard as a suitable legislator. An important Anglo-American alliance will be among the noted bridal of 1910. The bridegroom, Mr. Robert Harcourt, is half-brother of the more famous "Lulu," and through his mother, the widowed Lady Harcourt, he is a grandson of the American historian, the late J. L. Motley. Mr. Harcourt is M.P. for the Montrose Burghs; he is popular in the neighbourhood of Malwood, and is regarded as a very promising Parliamentarian.

The Constances. All the Constances will wish Miss Constance Felicity Romilly well on her coming marriage with Mr. Ronald Muir-Mackenzie. She owes this first portion of her very pretty name to her aunt, the Countess of Elgin, and with it a certain intangible fondness for all the Constance clan and for the things they do—for the charities of Lady Shaftesbury and Lady Constance Hatch, the dancing of Lady Constance Stewart Richardson, the speeches—perhaps the rebellion—of Lady Constance Lytton, for the brilliance of the Constance of Westminster, and the acting of the Collier of that calling.

The Passing of the Carters. Mr. Ridgely Carter's removal to Bucharest is conventionally a matter for congratulation, and actually so if Bucharest is a stepping-stone to an Embassy. But Mr. Whitelaw Reid spoke no more than the truth when, saying that "we are all delighted to see Mr. Carter American

Minister to the Balkan States," he at the same time emphasised the loss it would be to London. The break is a pretty big one for a man who has spent fifteen years in managing menus and Marchionesses in Park Lane. A more popular or more useful American

father. It was right here that she "came out," and it is right here that she has had as splendid a time as Ambassadors and the wives of Ambassadors could give her. The fact remains that everybody is sorry, not glad, that Bucharest claims the Carters. Miss Carter herself is so far lacking in appreciation of the new post that, after a visit in America, she will pay a long visit next year to Dorchester House.

A Miracle Play in Five Pictures. A novel and interesting form of charity entertainment is the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton's new miracle play, "St. Ursula's Pilgrimage," which was given on Monday at the Court Theatre, and is to be given again on Friday next and on December 6. The five pictures as Mrs.

MRS. J. R. PARSONS (FORMERLY THE HON. ALICE O'NEILL), DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY O'NEILL, WHO WAS MARRIED LAST MONDAY.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



A GREAT FAVOURITE IN SOCIETY: MRS. LESLIE MELVILLE.

Mrs. Leslie Melville, whose innumerable friends have been very anxious about her health, is now convalescent. She is one of those fortunate people whose temporary disablement is a real grief to those who have the happiness of their acquaintance.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



DAUGHTER OF "MADGE": MRS. ADAM (FORMERLY MISS PEARL HUMPHRY).

Literature and journalism, art and politics, were all represented in St. George's, Hanover Square, at the marriage of Miss Pearl Humphry last Saturday (27th). The bride is the only child of that most popular and kindly of women writers who is known to such an immense circle, both at home and abroad, as "Madge" of "Truth."

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

has never lived in London. His waltzing, like his small talk, is incomparable, and there is nothing that London hostesses have not been willing to do to assist him in the conferring of favours upon American women seeking an introduction to English society. And must Miss Mildred Carter also be congratulated on Bucharest? If possible, she is even more fondly established in London than her



ON HER WAY TO INDIA TO WED: MISS MAY WARREN VERNON.

Miss May Warren Vernon, daughter of the Hon. William Vernon, is even now on her way to India, where she will marry immediately on her arrival at Bombay Captain F. E. Wilson. Miss Vernon is being chaperoned by her aunt, the Dowager Lady Kensington.

Photograph by Lafayette.

Lyttelton calls the scenes, or tableaux, representing the pilgrimage of St. Ursula, are founded on the famous series of pictures by Carpaccio at Venice, especially that of Ursula's dream. There is very little speaking in the play—only just enough to render the thread of the story intelligible. Mrs. Lyttelton has largely followed the version of the legend given by Ruskin in his "Fors Clavigera." Ursula, as the story goes, was daughter of King Maurus of Brittany, and was sought in marriage by Prince Arthur, son of the King of Oversea. An angel appeared to her in a dream, and told her she should wed the prince on condition that she made a pilgrimage to the Holy Shrines with 11,000 virgins. She did so, and with her virgins was martyred by Attila and the Huns. On the stage at the Court the 11,000 virgins appear on the representative system, eleven fair maidens standing each for a thousand. Ursula, "lovely as the moon and evening star," in Ruskin's phrase, is played by the Hon. Cynthia Charteris, and the Angel by Mrs. Patrick Campbell.



DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY INGESTRE: THE HON. URSULA CHETWYND-TALBOT.

The Hon. Ursula Winifred Chetwynd-Talbot, to give her her full name, comes of a family so famous for the beauty of its daughters that she is likely in years to come to be among the loveliest debutantes of the twentieth century. Both Lord and Lady Ingestre are strikingly handsome, and so are the little maiden's two grandmothers, while her great-grandmother, the Dowager Countess of Shrewsbury, still bears traces of great loveliness.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

A BRIDE WHO WILL HAVE NO LACK OF RUPEES:
THE WIFE OF THE SAHIBZADA NASIR ALI KHAN.



DOLLIE KHANUM: MISS DOLLIE PARNELL, WHO HAS MARRIED THE SAHIBZADA NASIR ALI KHAN,
BROTHER OF THE REIGNING NAWAB OF RAMPUR; AND HER HUSBAND.

The bride was known until a few days ago as Miss Dollie Parnell, who had appeared in "My Darling," and had toured in "When Knights Were Bold" and in "The Girls of Gottenberg." Now she has retired from the stage. She is twenty-four; English on her father's side, Irish on her mother's side. The Sahibzada Nasir Ali Khan is twenty-six; has lived in England for some fourteen years; is a naturalised Englishman; and is an Oxford man. He is the brother of the reigning Nawab of Rampur. The wedding took place in the Registrar's Office, Marylebone Road.—[Photographs by Bassano and Langley.]

CROWNS-CORONETS COURTIERS



AUNT TO THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER: LADY HELEN GROSVENOR. Lady Helen Grosvenor, like her sister Lady Crichton, whose wonderful recovery is among the miracles of modern surgery, is a keen and graceful rider to hounds. All the late Duke of Westminster's daughters are splendid horsewomen. They were accustomed to ride out with their father from earliest childhood, and he taught them to be quite fearless in the saddle.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

passes for expert with the foreigner were in daily requisition, as well as his judgment on weightier matters, if weightier matters there be. Lady Granville, who is a niece of Lord Cromer, has been staying in Pont Street, herself busier shopping than any Lord-in-Waiting. Lord Granville, who only looks his thirty-seven years for the first time when he stands beside the Boy King, has already lived in many places, from Kensington Palace to Cairo, and he speaks several languages well—a gift of tongues is an hereditary possession. His Arabic is only less fluent than his English.

Tall, Young, and Slender.

Although King Manuel was discouraged in his ambition to board a 'bus, that vehicle is no longer suspect and snubbed. The Dukes are fast dropping into the habit, or at least their nieces. One such niece, recently faring to town by tram or train, is now in request, as we gather from an advertisement in a contemporary: "Would the tall, slender young lady (travelling to town recently) who spoke to a lady of her uncle the Duke,

LORD GRANVILLE'S holiday has been full of business. Arriving in London for a month's leave of absence from the Legation at Brussels, where he is First Secretary, he found himself hard at work in attendance upon the King of Portugal. His taste in jewels, in clothes, and in hair-cutting and a thousand other things in which an Englishman

Grand Duke Francis Ferdinand. The Kaiser—"Oh, he is so pushing!" as a relative said of him when she met him as a boy—is largely responsible for the more generous recognition of the morganatic wife of the Grand Duke. It really seems as if Sir Horace Rumbold, the man most

likely to be right, is wrong in his view that every sort of precaution has

been taken to guard against the possibility of the succession to the imperial throne going to the fruits of this left-handed marriage.

ONE OF THE PRETTIEST WOMEN IN SOCIETY: MRS. ARTHUR LEVESON.

It is not often that a widowed peeress gives up her title on a second marriage. Queen Victoria, it is said, considered that every lady should bear her husband's name, and her late Majesty would have highly approved of the course pursued by Jemima, Lady Darnley, who on her second bridal to a young naval officer elected to be henceforth known as Mrs. Arthur Leveson.

Photograph by Cassano.



TO GIVE A SERIES OF CLASSICAL DANCES TO-DAY: LADY CONSTANCE STEWART-RICHARDSON.

Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson seems likely to provide the most attractive item of to-day's wonderful picture tableaux bazaar, which is taking place at the Royal Opera House. Lady Constance will dance a series of classical dances; and if her friends are to be believed, her grace and powers of invention fully equal those which have made Miss Maud Allan so famous. There are few more versatile women in the great world than Lady Cromartie's only sister; she is an excellent shot, an indefatigable fisherwoman, and she is as much at home in the Highlands as she is in London or Paris.—*[Photograph by Thomson.]*

communicate with Lady G., Box 86530, at once?" Possibly Lady G. has a vacancy in her household which his Grace, in these hard times, may care to occupy.

Austria's Record Reign.

To-morrow the Austrian Emperor will have reigned for sixty-one years, and Count Mensdorff-Pouilly is to preside, and his staff are to support him, at a dinner at the Holborn Restaurant. The moment is notable as marking a more amiable understanding between the Emperor and his heir, the

and was forty when he married, nearly fifty years ago. There is an Irvingite strain in the family blood, as in that of the Duke of Northumberland. The last peer, who was in holy orders, took by surprise on one occasion a chance visitor to an Irvingite church. All was dull till a dazzling "angel" appeared. The "angel" turned, and the visitor recognised Lord Sidmouth, whom he had not seen since the day he received a thrashing from him as an angel of vengeance at Westminster School.

At Powis Castle. Lady Yarborough, whose husband has but lately succeeded in making a clean sweep of pills and mixtures, was very fortunately able to step into her sister's shoes at Powis Castle and play hostess to the Prince and Princess of Wales. Plans had been laid so long for the royal visit to the fascinating Welsh residence that everybody, including the indisposed hostess and the disposed guests, were unwilling to have it postponed. Lord Powis was a host in himself; and his cousin, Colonel Herbert, was, of course, invaluable at the shoot.

An Angelic Peer. Lord Sidmouth may be allowed to plead infirmity and advanced age as an excuse for playing truant, even on field-days, from the House of Lords. He entered the Royal Navy the year Queen Victoria came to the throne,



AN INTERESTED LISTENER TO THE GREAT DEBATE IN THE LORDS: LADY LYTTON. Lady Lytton was one of the most eager and interested spectators of the great "Lords debate" last week. This lovely peeress has played more than one important part at State functions, but she triumphed specially at the Coronation, when she was considered the most beautiful of the countesses assembled in the Abbey.

Photograph by Val Flisrange.



WIFE OF THE POLITICIAN NAMED AS FIRST GOVERNOR OF UNITED SOUTH AFRICA: MRS. HERBERT GLADSTONE.

Mrs. Herbert Gladstone is admirably suited to take her place among the wives of the great Pro-Consuls of the Empire. The fact that she is the daughter of a distinguished and popular Conservative, the late Sir Richard Paget, will doubtless endear her to one section of South African opinion.—*[Photograph by Thomson.]*

THE HON. MRS. ALFRED LYTTTELTON'S MIRACLE PLAY:

"ST. URSULA'S PILGRIMAGE," AT THE COURT—PLAYERS IN THE PIECE.



1. LADY EILEEN WELLESLEY, DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

2. LADY VIOLET MANNERS, DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.

3. THE HON. MRS. ALFRED LYTTTELTON, AUTHOR OF "ST. URSULA'S PILGRIMAGE."

4. MISS DOROTHY DREW, GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE LATE W. E. GLADSTONE.

5. LADY WINIFRAD GORE, HALF-SISTER OF THE EARL OF ARRAN.

6. THE HON. IRENE LAWLEY, DAUGHTER OF LORD WENLOCK.

7. LADY MAUD WARRENDER, SISTER OF THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

8. "ST. URSULA'S BED-ROOM"—ONE OF THE FAMOUS PICTURES BY VICTOR CARPACCIO, AT VENICE.

9. MRS. RAYMOND ASQUITH, DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF MR. H. H. ASQUITH.

10. MRS. RALPH PETO, NIECE OF THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.

11. THE HON. CYNTHIA CHARTERIS (TO PLAY ST. URSULA), DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF WEMYSS.

Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton's new Miracle Play, in five pictures, "St. Ursula's Pilgrimage," was given at the Court Theatre on Nov. 29, and is to be performed again on Dec. 3, at three, in aid of the fund for restoring Wittersham Church, Kent. "The story of the play is founded on the legend of St. Ursula, and her pilgrimage with eleven virgins to the Holy Shriens, where they endured martyrdom. There are very few words—only enough to make clear the meaning, which is illustrated by stage pictures and by music. The scenery and dresses were copied as faithfully as possible from the famous series of pictures on the life of St. Ursula by Victor Carpaccio, at Venice." The music was specially composed for the play by Mr. Morton Stephenson, and performed by members of the New Symphony Orchestra. Mrs. Patrick Campbell plays the Angel; the Hon. Cynthia Charteris, St. Ursula.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (Monotie)

The New Smith. "Smith" is a hopeful title: it promised popularity, but the departure of Miss Marie Löhr, most delightful of parlourmaids, threatened disaster. However, Miss Irene Vanbrugh has stepped into her apron, and the play, though changed in character, is unlikely to suffer. Whether you like the new Smith better than the old, or the old better than the new, is a matter of temperament; but all will agree that, from a strictly dramatic point of view, the comedy gains by the change—it loses in prettiness and is increased in strength. Some of the artificiality goes. You can believe that the Nelly of Miss Vanbrugh was a real parlourmaid drawn from a suitable class, which you could not believe in the case of Miss Löhr; but you may be doubtful whether Mr. Thomas Freeman would have married her—not, of course, that Miss Irene Vanbrugh lacks charm, but she has skill enough to make it the charm of the charming parlour-maid, not of a fairy pretending to be a parlour-maid. So "Smith" is the better and the worse, and the newcomer must be congratulated upon a very able performance, which fits well into the work of an excellent company.



"EAST LYNNE" AGAIN: MISS FRANCES DILLON AS LADY ISABEL (MME. VINE) AND MISS OLGA HOPE AS LITTLE WILLIE CARLYLE, AT THE LYCEUM.

called "The Wheat King." In conjunction with Miss Nora Wynne she has written a rather surprising four-act play, named "The Lesser Evil," which the Play Actors produced; and in it nearly thirty members of the Association found speaking parts, though most of them had little to say that was to the point. Some passages were written well enough, particularly a curious love scene between a simple, pure-minded youth and a grass widow of too much experience. There was some force in the story, though it found an ending in a death that had no suggestion of the inevitable. Unfortunately, the dramatists wasted time by introducing needless and uninteresting characters, and comic scenes that exhibited little sense of humour, and they mystified the audience during the last act in a way which caused a feeling of curiosity as to what had happened when one ought to have been listening to what was taking place. The piece, on the whole, shows promise, and also that the writers will have to reconsider almost the whole of their views as to technique. There was some acting of merit, notably that of Mr. Gamble and Mr. Farren-Soutar, Miss Frances Wetherall, and Miss Adeline Bourne.

The Music Play. It is to be hoped that "Beethoven" will catch on at His Majesty's, so that for a while our ears may have a rest from the common tunes we hear in the streets, and merely be assailed by efforts to whistle tunes from the "Coriolanus" Overture and the C minor Symphony, which, however ill done, would be a welcome change. But will it catch on? It is not

my business to answer that question—indeed, I am not sure that it is really my business to be writing at all about the work, which seems to be within the province of Mr. "Common Chord." For certainly music is the most important element. One thing can be said: the first-night audience really enjoyed the piece (and so did I), and the abundant applause was genuine. This is a sincere tribute to Sir Herbert as well as to Beethoven. For a house that listened earnestly to the music would not have tolerated the

play had it been mere claptrap. It may be an ill-advised sign of reverence to put Beethoven on the stage, but the attempt was made in a reverent spirit, and the ordinary exasperating adventures and love-stories generally introduced into dramas concerning the mighty dead were wisely omitted. The negative merit of the drama by M. René Fauchois, which Mr. Parker has freely adapted, is very considerable; its only positive quality is that it offers a rich acting part to Sir Herbert. Many will rank his Beethoven as his greatest achievement. To the wonderful make-up I attach little importance. The more important element was the pure acting, the combination of the poetic

with the comic note, and the power which enabled this uncouth, pathetic figure of a man to dominate the stage. In particular, I admired the skill with which he got full value from the comic passages without impairing the dignity of the man. The play lacks most of the qualities of drama, and possesses no valuable new features of its own. It serves as an opportunity for one player, and for the employment of much beautiful music; the other clever people in the cast have few opportunities of distinction, and I venture to suggest the alteration of the vision of the symphonies; the effect of the nine nymphs one after the other, uttering little descriptive scraps, was rather comic. Moreover, most of the nymphs spoke their lines indifferently. It would be well to let all

the symphonies remain silent except Miss D'Alroy, whose elocution was admirable. To sum up, the piece may be of no dramatic value, but I enjoyed the entertainment—what a sacrilegious word, "entertainment"!—and I believe that all people who like the music of Beethoven will find much pleasure in it.

The Melodrametta.

One hardly expects such a play as "A Russian Tragedy" under Sir Herbert's management—a little conventional, commonplace melodrama, with no style and

hardly any cleverness. Presumably, having Mrs. Patrick Campbell in his company and no place for her in "Beethoven," Sir Herbert chose this as the best means of using her. Unfortunately, her rare and delightful gifts were not wanted for the piece, and her direct dramatic force always seems affected by the part she plays; so she could do nothing great as the absurdly drawn Russian murderess.



"EAST LYNNE" AGAIN: MISS FRANCES DILLON AS LADY ISABEL AND MR. ERIC MAYNE AS CAPTAIN FRANCIS LEVISON.



Montague Beauchamp
(Mr. Trevor Lowe).

Millicent Leith
(Miss Gillian Scaife).

Miss Delafield
(Miss Doris Lytton).

Barbara Tracey
(Miss Amy Brandon Thomas).

A SUFFRAGETTE CURTAIN-RAISER, AT THE HAYMARKET: THE IMPRISONED PREMIER IS "HELD UP."

SISTERS, OF MUSICAL COMEDY AND MUSICAL COMEDIETTE.



STAGE DESCENDANT OF AN IRISH KING; AND STAGE PRINCESS OF THE HIPPODROME:
MISS PHYLLIS DARE AND MISS ZENA DARE.

Miss Phyllis Dare is appearing at the Shaftesbury, in "The Arcadians," and is playing Eileen Cavanagh. It is not stated that Miss Cavanagh is the descendant of an Irish king, but it may be safely assumed that she is so, for did ever anyone know an Irishwoman who was not? Miss Zena Dare is appearing at the Hippodrome in what has been described as a musical comediette, otherwise "Mitislav," a musical comedy in miniature, in which appear also Mr. Maurice Farkoa and Mr. John Le Hay. The music is by Mr. Franz Lehar, composer of "The Merry Widow." Both sisters are, as usual, "making good," as the American has it.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Penalties of Fame. Mr. Frederic Harrison's suggestion that we should celebrate the centenary, not of the birth, but of the death of a man might be extended. It would save men and monkeys much inconvenience if it were forbidden to regard them as famous during their lives. When Mr. Bryan's fame, during one of his campaigns, reached Japan, a son of that happy land wrote forthwith to the Democrat: "I have chosen you to be my father, and will sail at once for the United States." And he did. Other men have been more tried. The genial Huxley got short notice from an unknown American admirer of his intention to arrive, with wife and seven children, to stay at least a month under his roof. Monkeys? Well, Knocko, the New York ape at which Caruso was looking when arrested, became so famous that crowds filled the monkey-house and fed him to death.

The Other Side. There is another side to the picture. If we wait for the centenary of a man's death we may forget him altogether. Great men go out of the public memory while they yet live. It came as a great shock to a well-informed writer a few years ago to receive a note from Governor Eyre asking not to be spoken of in the past tense. "I still live," he added. Mary Kingsley, in a lecture given prior to her departure for South Africa, dwelt at length on the work done by a great public servant in the Malay Peninsula. At the close of her remarks an old gentleman approached and, giving her his card, asked leave to shake hands with her. It was the very man of whom she had spoken. "I thought you were dead," she said, overwhelmed with confusion. "And I thought I was forgotten," answered this builder of Empire.

A Miracle Explained.

The latest miracle-story comes from the vicinity of Rome, where a man is said to have been struck with a sort of hydrophobia for setting his dog to bark at a sacred image. The saints exercise a nicer discrimination than Mr. Stead's Julia would have us believe. So, at any rate, believed Pugin, who loved only Gothic architecture, and by whom the interior of our present Houses of Parliament was embellished. Someone told him of the conversion of Ratisbonne in the church of St. Andrea delle Fratte; and Pugin declared the thing impossible, that no one could become a Christian in so "hideous" a church, and that it was impossible for a saint to have entered the building under

any circumstances whatever. "Ah, but you did not let me finish," said his friend. "I was going to tell you that, at the very moment before Ratisbonne's conversion, he was saying to himself, 'How hideous the architecture of this church is!'" "That entirely alters the case," answered Pugin. "To so excellent a man I am sure a saint would appear anywhere."



A MAKER OF PORTRAITS IN COLOURED SAND: THE ARTIST WITH HER PICTURE OF KING LEOPOLD.

Our photograph shows the widow of an Ostend hotel-keeper, who is earning a living by making portraits in coloured sand.—[Photograph by Topical.]

cause of it: she had been bitten in the leg by a dog when she had turned herself into a hare! And whenever they saw her approach they waved branches of the rowan-tree at her, and with the same cure-all made mystic passes before her door, lest she should appear unawares. And they stole a sheep and cut it in twain, and, laying each half upon crimson carpet, walked between, to complete the efficacy of the rowan's wavings. They killed the lady of the benevolent smile.

The Mute Watcher.

Ghost-stories are in season now, as witness a new volume of "true" ghost-stories of London that has just appeared. Here is another story. A North-country curate a few years ago, having to fetch some papers from the church at night, strode down the nave towards the vestry, his way lighted by the moon. His heart almost stopped beating as he saw that a figure, robed in white, was seated in a pew in one of the shady side-aisles. For the life of him he dared not investigate, but as he went out he saw that the figure was still there.

He went to the church by daylight, and the figure remained where he had first seen it. He now had the courage to go up and uncover the face—to discover a dead body! The corpse had been found in the Tweed the day before, and the finders, not knowing what else to do, had wrapped it in a sheet and set it up in the church.

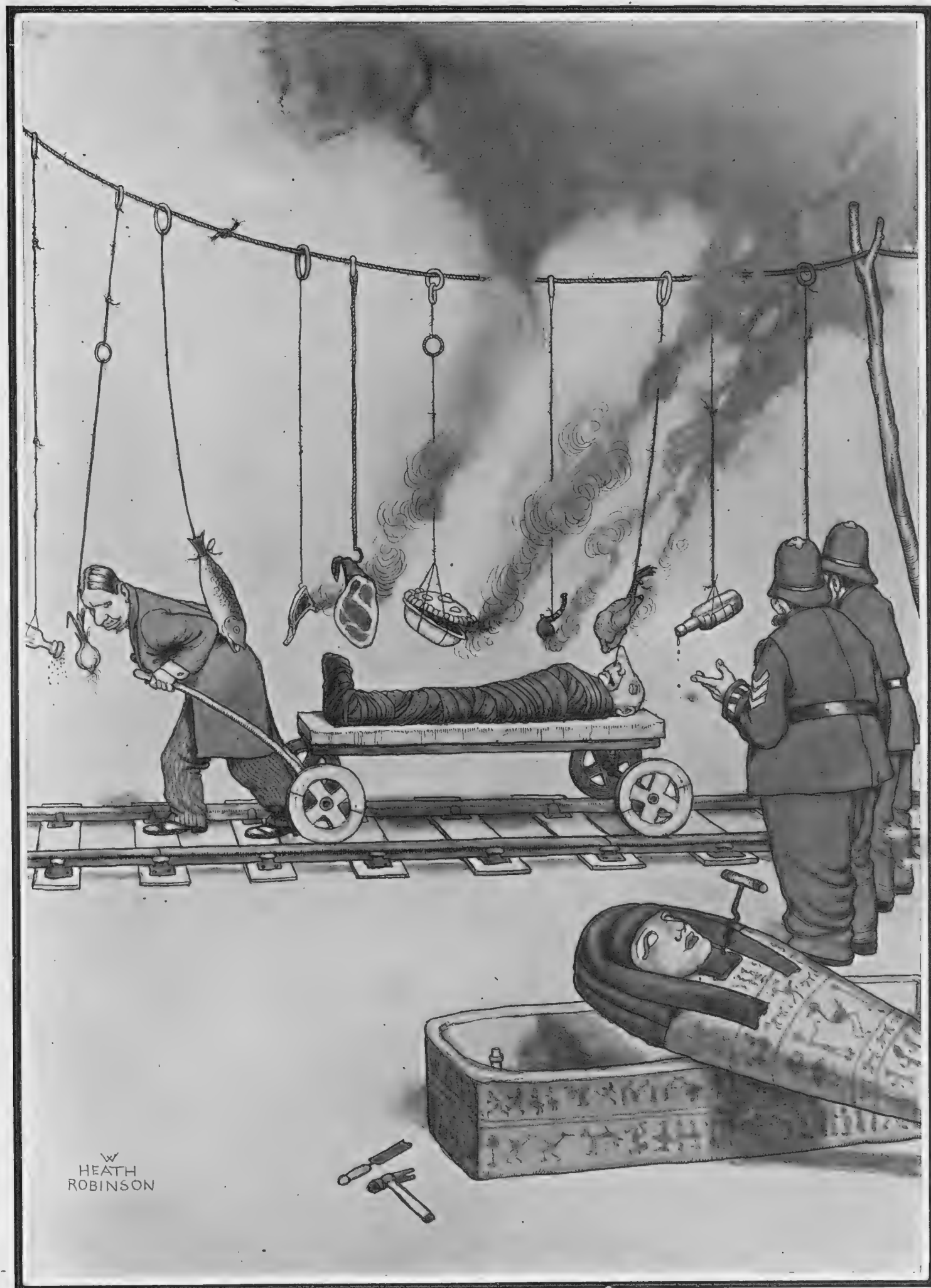


NOT IN "THE FIRES OF FATE": SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE AS A MOORISH BRIGAND.

Sir Arthur is not shown as one of the characters in his popular play with a purpose, "The Fires of Fate," as might have been intelligently anticipated. He is masquerading as a Moorish brigand, at a fancy-dress ball held recently on the "Dunottar Castle."

Photograph by Fradelle and Young.

Science Jottings—By “Dr.” W. Heath Robinson (D—L—).



III.—SEEKING TO REVIVIFY THE MUMMY OF CHEOPS, IN THE EGYPTIAN ROOMS OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



An Unrehearsed Curtain.

For a long time Miss Hilda Moody has been away from London, and although it was announced, in the first place, that she was going to play in "The Dollar Princess," and, more recently, in "The Merry Peasant," neither of these engagements materialised. At present, she is singing with the Moody-Manners Company in

the provinces. Her return to London—which would revive many pleasant memories of her singing "The Miller's Daughter," in which she made so emphatic a success in "Three Little Maids"—is therefore postponed for a time. During the run of that musical comedy at the Prince of Wales's, Miss Moody escaped what might have been a very serious accident, though, as it happened, it was only a very uncomfortable experience. Having delayed answering the summons of the call-boy when he notified her that the act was about to begin, she had to run quickly to the

of wild confusion, as people, awakened by the noise, went trooping down the corridor into the young lady's room. Happily, all was well that ended well, for explanations were in order, but the enthusiastic actress was requested to pursue her dramatic studies at less irrational hours, or in a less intense manner.

"The Magic Sword Excalibur."

The saving of a scene from ruin, threatened by an unforeseen accident, requires great presence of mind, and occasionally involves no little discomfort to the actor. This was certainly the case on one occasion when Mr. Alec F. Thompson (who is acting in "Raleigh," at the Lyric) was playing the Dougal Cratur in the famous Scottish national operatic drama "Rob Roy," in Edinburgh. Mr. William Mollison and Mr. Durward Lely, the then managers of the company, had provided splendid scenery, and in one scene there was a waterfall with real water. Near it the fight between the Dougal and Captain Thornton took place. Mr. Thompson and the Captain had arranged a long and elaborate fight. This grew in intensity as it progressed and was marked by the introduction of much "business," that never failed to awaken the enthusiasm of the audience, which culminated in an outburst of wild cheers when, having stabbed the Captain (played by the "leading juvenile"—a very tall man), the Dougal, in spite of his small stature, picked the former up on his shoulder and carried him off. On the night in question, very soon after the fight had started, Mr. Thompson, by a "disarm," lost his sword, which fell into the fountain. To finish the fight in that lame and impotent manner did not appeal to his sense of the fitness of things, and he determined to rescue the sword, although he realised that he would have to get a ducking to do so. He accordingly clambered over the rocks by the waterfall, plunged into the pool at the bottom, and secured the weapon. He emerged dripping, and hurled himself at the Captain, fought the fight to the finish, and roused the audience to even greater enthusiasm



THE NEW QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES: MISS FLORENCE LEWIS, WHO IS TO TAKE MISS ELISE CRAVEN'S PLACE IN "PINKIE."

Little Miss Lewis is to play the part, in "Pinkie and the Fairies," in which Miss Elise Craven made so great a "hit" last year. The new Queen for His Majesty's is ten years old, and is the daughter of the manager of the Church of England Institute for Soldiers and Sailors at Woolwich.—[Photograph by Halfpines.]

stage from her dressing-room just as the curtain—an old-fashioned roller curtain—was going up. The dress Miss Moody was wearing was very flimsy and light. As she reached the stage, a gust of wind blew the skirt out, with the result that it caught in the roller, and, as the curtain went up, the actress was lifted off her feet and carried up some little distance from the stage. Fortunately, the motive-power was not electricity, as is so common nowadays, for the curtain was raised and lowered by men, and they quickly saw what had happened. They immediately stopped, lowered the curtain, and Miss Moody was rescued from a position which had in it considerable peril to life and limb.

"In the Dead Waste and Middle of the Night."

Mrs. Siddons, we all know, frightened herself so terribly when studying the Murder Scene in "Lady Macbeth" that she picked up a candle and ran out of the room in which she was working to the bed-room where her sister was sleeping, as she did not dare remain alone any longer. An incident which runs on somewhat parallel lines occurred some years ago to a young actress who was a member of the company in which Miss Alice Mansfield (who is playing Trude in "Beethoven," at His Majesty's Theatre) was then engaged. The girl, who was new to the stage, and was full of enthusiasm and ambition, had a habit of studying her parts aloud, no matter what the time. One night, when the company was in a city in one of the Southern States of America, she returned from the theatre to the hotel where most of her colleagues were staying. She went to her bed-room and began to study a new part she had to play. Carried away by the intensity of its emotion, she became louder and louder in the delivery of the lines until, when she said, "Villain, unhand me! Monster, how dare you!" and so on, her voice rang through the stillness of the night. An old gentleman, whose room was on the opposite side of the corridor, was actually aroused from his sleep by the voice of a lovely woman in apparent distress. He leaped out of bed, darted from his room, and, with true Southern chivalry, eager to rescue the lady from the clutches of the villain, burst into the young actress's room. She, seeing a perfect stranger, in garments of the night, invade the sanctuary of her room, and unaware of the cause, gave one cry and fell fainting to the floor. Naturally, there was a scene



OLD COURT DANCES AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME: THE MISSES NORAH AND MURIEL RIDLEY IN A GAVOTTE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE'S TIME. The Misses Ridley give three old Court dances, in costume—a galliard of 1588, a gavotte of Marie Antoinette's time, and a pavan of the Spanish school.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

than usual. As Mr. Thompson played the character in the guise of something like the prehistoric man, in bare arms, bare legs, and a bare chest, and wore only a rough shirt and skins, the water did not destroy his costume.

FELINE ; AND UNFEELIN' !



MORRIS: What are they sayin' now, Emily?

EMILY: 'E says as there's one thing—the servants don't suspect nothin'!



VERONICA ANN: No, dad; if I can't vivisection Pussy and Fido, and develop my womanhood at home—I go!

DRAWINGS BY HOPE READ.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

The Refined American Woman.

Do you like and admire very much, reader, the cultivated American woman? I do immensely when I have the good fortune to meet her, but I am not quite equally certain that I like and admire her so much in novels. Her refinement and exquisiteness and all that do just the least little bit get on my nerves when I have been following the minutiae of her life in a novel. Now, why is that? I should really like to be told, because I am not at all sure I can analyse the matter properly. If the case were reversed, and the refined American woman wished to analyse her reasons for being irritated by me, she would analyse away without the least difficulty for pages and pages, if she thought me worth while. Stay: perhaps I have spotted one

of the reasons in making that remark. She is given—mind you, I speak always of the novels, and not as I know her in life—to a rather excessive amount of self-introspection, and it is a little tedious to read. Say that she is in love, or is hovering round about that condition, as is more likely to be the case. Most of us normal people know pretty well, without speculating about it, when we are in love; and the only question, if any, which excites us is whether or not the other person is in love with us. But she takes a terrific time to make up her mind about her own feelings, refusing to face them for several chapters, skirting round them, hovering above them. I suppose I prefer people to be more downright. Then she takes herself with immense and profound seriousness, and I suppose I like people to be more modest. The refined American atmosphere, as it appears in the novels, seems to me rather close and stuffy, and perhaps that accounts for the lack of humour in her which oppresses me. I feel it would be a good thing if I could take her by the shoulders—no, not I: I am not the right sort of person; but one of the strong, masterful men one reads about—take her by the shoulders and shake her, or pick her up and lay her on the floor and throw cushions at her. All the men she knows treat her with a distant reverence which would

bore any woman not a confirmed prig to tears. I have heard, indeed, that American women sometimes marry Englishmen simply in the hope of being beaten, and I can well believe it. Indeed, another philosopher goes further and says of women generally—but this paragraph grows much too long.

"The Florentine Frame."

I confess frankly to Miss Elizabeth Robins that these reminiscences and reflections were suggested to me by her latest novel, "The Florentine Frame" (Murray). I hasten to add, however, that I do not consider her heroine, Isabella Roscoe, to be an extreme instance of the refined American women who have irritated me in fiction. Only—well, she *does* irritate me. She is so gentle and gracious and all that, that I have an impression of being patronised by her from an immense height. Now, in real life, any gentle and gracious woman who chooses may patronise me from any height she likes; I should not resent it at all. But that is because I am amenable to

the attractions of a gentle and gracious manner—only I must *see* it. In a novel, where I have to take it on trust, it has not enough strength to make me forget that the patronage, after all, is rather absurd. There are, truly, women in fiction with whom almost every male reader falls in love, but their qualities are of a more striking and inevitably appealing kind than sweetness and refinement, and that sort of thing. Then, Isabella Roscoe does take herself very seriously, and seems to imagine that she has done something to make her beautifully remote from ordinary humanity, whereas all that had happened was that Mr. Roscoe left her a lot of money with which she could buy Florentine frames and other beautiful things. Yes, I know this attribution to Isabella of my own ideas about her is monstrously unfair to Miss Robins, but it all comes from my great admiration of her work and the care with which I have read the novel: I took the trouble to get inside it and imagine the people, and that is how I saw Mrs. Roscoe. I was always wanting to chaff her and make fun of her, and was deterred by the sure conviction that she would not see it, would think I was merely rude and not ask me to her house again. So I take this revenge on her.

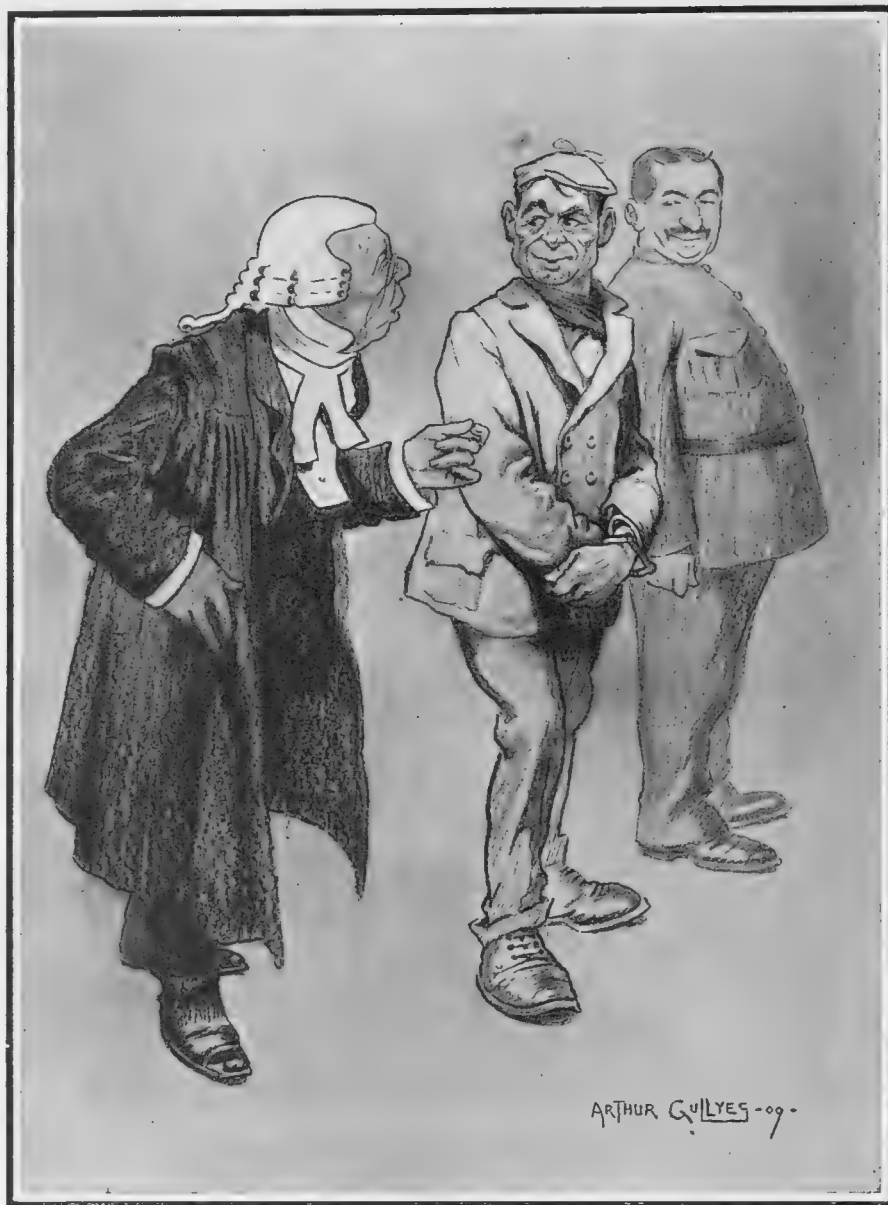
Would She Have Done It?

What, however,

really annoyed me was what Isabella did in the course of the story. There was a brilliant young man who wrote *the* play of the century, a play which was going to create a whole new drama, and so forth. Isabella was his great helper and encourager, and her house was his home, and he very rightly fell in love with her. And she loved him, but so did her daughter. Well, the daughter was only a chit of a girl, with a girl's fancy she would overcome, as her mother admitted; and yet, though Isabella knew the young man was dying for herself, and she was dying for him, she positively pushed him into marrying the daughter, partly not to disappoint the girl, and partly because she herself was rather older than the man, and was afraid he would grow weary of her. Really, Miss Robins, have you ever

known a woman act like that? I don't say it's impossible: heaven forbid I should say that anything is impossible in the way of human perversity. But I do say it made me want to shout at Isabella not to make such a fool of herself and of the man. Blunders like that put me beside myself. One's friends are always making silly mistakes; but, thank heaven, none of mine has ever made such a colossal mistake as that. What happens afterwards—but I won't spoil the reader's pleasure. Unless he is denser than a reader of mine has any business to be, he must have perceived that I was very greatly interested in the book, or could not have worried about what didn't please me in it so well. It is not the best thing Miss Robins has done, by any means, but it does her no discredit—and that, in my opinion, is to say a good deal. The last part of the book, after the marriage had taken place, I thought the best—stronger and more solid than the earlier part. There are one or two scenes of intense force in this part, which would have made a far worse book well worth reading.

N. O. I.



NO GLUTTON.

THE UNSUCCESSFUL COUNSEL: I'm very sorry I could do no more for you, my man.
THE PRISONER: Ho! Don't apologise, old sport. Five years is enough.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE RANSOM.

By V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

THE man turned to his wife.

"Penelope," he said, "I suppose they've told you I'm dying?"

She gave him a startled glance; she had not guessed that he knew.

"Don't be scared," he said. His voice was rather weak, but it had lost none of its characteristic dry humour. "I don't think I shall die fussily. I've always hated doing anything that way, and I've had the singular good luck to hit on a disease that allows one to die with dignity."

She gave a little gasp of amazement, and his lips took the humorously ironic downward curve that had almost the effect of a grimace.

"I was a little anxious," he explained, "so I've been reading it up." He nodded towards a book lying at the foot of the bed. "It's all right; there's no fuss."

The girl made a hysterical sound. "You—you're extraordinary, Michael!"

He gave this due consideration. "No," he said, "I only talk that way. I'm going to prove to you how extremely ordinary I am."

She met his look with wide-eyed wonder.

"When did they tell you I was dying?" he asked.

"Only—yesterday," she faltered.

He gave this, also, grave consideration.

"What are you thinking of?" she demanded at last, half apprehensively. She had an uneasy sense of being under a microscope and proving an imperfect specimen.

He smiled. "You're a good little girl, Penelope. But—Lord! you must have done some thinking in the last twenty-four hours."

"What do you mean?"

He continued to smile with a kind of faint self-mockery.

"Twenty," he mused; "only twenty."

She stared at him, and he turned a little so that she could not see his face.

"Only twenty," he repeated slowly, "and I'm forty-one. And we've been married two years. What you must have felt when they told you!"

She raised her head with young, proud dignity. "If you want to know, I went to my room and cried."

He reflected. "Yes," he admitted, "you would. Haven't I said you're a good little girl? But underneath—how your blood must have raced and your heart beaten when it came to you that it meant freedom."

She made a little fierce gesture. "Michael!"

"Yes, I know, I know," he humoured her patiently. "You won't admit even to yourself that it was so. You went to your room and cried. That's the point you've been keeping steadily before yourself. That was the correct—the humane thing to do. But the other was the natural. Bless you, Penelope, I'm not angry."

"I don't care whether you're angry or not," she said stiffly. "I haven't had the hateful, heartless thoughts you attribute to me. You're simply imaginative."

"Yes," he allowed promptly, "and I don't believe you ever knew that before, did you? Queer how people think imagination means long hair and stringing rhymes together. Why, it's the essence of good business. You see, it helps you to know, not what people say they think, or even think they think, but what they really do think, deep down and far away."

"Really?" she said, with something of his own dry irony.

He laughed. "Oh, I know you're honest, Penelope. You really don't know yet that you've thought these things. But—well, never mind. Let's get on."

"Get on?" she asked blankly.

"Yes; wasn't I on the way to explaining how ordinary I am? I'm not there yet, but I'll keep straight on now. Have you ever counted up, I wonder, Penelope, what I've done for you?"

This was so unlike him that she was speechless.

"First," he pursued, "there was your mother. You realise, don't you, that she would have been dead by now but for the money that enabled her to go abroad? And your father—that he would have been a bankrupt?"

She had an accession of what was almost panic. "Michael," she

stammered, "you never made me feel it before. And—and, after all, I'm your wife."

"Yes," he acceded. "That sounds rather a lot, doesn't it? My wife! But I wonder if you've weighed that against the other? I haven't husbanded you unbearably, Penelope, have I? You've had rather a good time on the whole?"

She responded generously. "You've been awfully—awfully good to me, Michael."

He nodded. "You've had more frocks and dances and tennis and hockey and that kind of thing than you ever had or could have had as a girl at home?"

"Much—much more of that, and everything beautiful."

"I'm glad." His voice dropped. "There's something else I've done for you—it was more than all the rest. I remembered you were only a girl, and I haven't made you be a woman, Pen. Though I married you I respected your right to a few more years of girlhood."

She crimsoned. "Yes," she whispered. "I—have been very grateful to you."

He nodded again. "It's all right. Goodness knows whether I'd have had the decency to do it if I'd foreseen this. But my imagination didn't go so far. I thought I was tougher, you know. And I worked it out rather satisfactorily another way." He paused thoughtfully.

"Yes?" she prompted.

"You see, you're only a baby, Pen; a bundle of beginnings. But you're going to be a woman in a few years. And when you are—well, I had the temerity to decide you could care for me. I was quite prepared to wait. I reckoned it would take you, perhaps ten years—eight from now, that is. That brings you to twenty-eight and me to forty-nine. It didn't leave me too much margin, did it? but I reckoned on another ten—well, perfect years, and they would have been worth it. Only now, of course, I shan't be here. Heavens, Penelope, what eyes you've got! They're telling me with really distressing frankness that I'm a maniac."

They shrank away from him. "It's—it's only that I'm so amazed, Michael. I had no idea—"

He caught her up with a laugh. "Of course not! I'm not such a maniac as that. It was to come naturally and without your suspecting it. However, it's all up now, so you may as well know. Or, rather—it gives me my only chance."

"I don't understand."

"No, you wouldn't. But there's just the ghost of a possibility that one day you may—oh, barely the ghost! Supposing he were to disappoint you, for instance. Anyway, I take it." He made a smothered sound. "I wish I knew where he was! I believe I'd still have strength enough to kill him."

She started. "Who?"

"The man who's somewhere. The man you'll love and marry."

She flushed and quivered—because her heart had given a little involuntary leap as he said it. There was no man anywhere, as she reminded herself instantly. Still, there had been that little thrill of the heart of youth before the vast, beautiful possibilities of the future.

"You know," she said painfully, "that there is no one."

"Yes, I know that. But somewhere he's waiting." His eyes narrowed humorously. "In the future, you know, which is the only really inaccessible spot. And when the future gives him up to you—" he broke off. "Penelope," he said, with his sudden, wry smile; "do you believe there's Heaven?"

She hesitated. "I don't know," she said honestly.

"No," he said, "nor do I. But Browning's right. 'There may be heaven: there must be hell.' And I shall find it for certain the day you marry him." His eyes drew hers with such a definite question that almost in spite of herself she brought out:

"What do you want, Michael?"

"Your promise."

She stood up and went to the open window; she felt stifled.

"Not to marry again, do you mean?"

"Yes. Take your time, Penelope. Think it out. Weigh it against the things I've done for you. Among your bundle of beginnings there's a sense of justice."

She stood for a long time at the window. When she answered it was with a cold question.

[Continued overleaf.]

"Why don't you do the obvious thing—leave me penniless if I do it?"

"Obvious things are usually so frightfully stupid. Of course I've thought of that, but it wouldn't do. My money would become a sort of ransom, don't you see? You'd only have to forfeit it to be free—quite free from all uneasiness. If you do it I don't want you ever to be free from a sense of degradation, a definite assurance of infamy." He chose his words with deliberation.

She stiffened visibly.

"Oh, I'm not insulting you, *Penélope*! I think so highly of your honour that I'm putting all my eggs in that one basket. But I'm trying to make you see just what you will be contracting for. You're not to have the consolation of saying afterwards, 'He rushed me; I didn't see it clearly.'"

She fought against the conviction that was growing on her—the conviction that he had earned this thing he asked of her.

"But, Michael, aren't you content to know that I don't want to marry again?"

He shook his head. "Not a bit. When the time comes there's nothing that will bind you to me. It isn't as if you had ever cared."

Her glance wavered. "But, Michael, you know I do—"

"Ah, hush!" he said. "I can't stand *that*. You simply don't know what the feeling is—the feeling I have for you. Don't you see now, Pen, how ordinary I am? I'm simply devoured with jealousy. I could have made you care, I tell you, in time, but it's just time that's been snatched away from me."

She did not answer—it was all so useless. What was the good of telling him that she could not conceive any alteration in her feeling for him? He had always been a kind of solid, comfortable support, to be relied on for advice, kindness, and "seeing to" things. But romance? She could almost have smiled. Then she remembered that he was waiting for her answer. Why should her heart sink at the thought of the promise he wanted? Wasn't there more than a hint of indecency in the impulse to refuse? Since it was quite true that there was no man anywhere, how could she unblushingly insist on a right to reserve a seat, as it were, on the mere chance of him? And then, too, there was the question of justice. She grew cold as she realised how light in the scale weighed her gifts in comparison with his. How much he had done for her! How much—and this appealed to her most—to which he had a right he had foregone! A sense of almost intolerable indebtedness oppressed her. She looked up, not realising that half an hour had gone by while she thought.

"I promise," she said.

There was an instant's pause, and she had a curious impression of waiting while he relaxed his hold on something.

"Thanks," he said laconically. "Pull the blind a little further down, will you, Pen?"

That night, in his sleep, and therefore pre-eminently without fuss, he died.

It was not till long after that it struck *Penelope* in an illuminating flash that it was of life she had dimly felt him that afternoon loose his tired grasp.

Penelope closed the door behind her and walked to the fire. By its light most of the objects in the room were faintly discernible. There was a table, a roll-top desk, a thick carpet, a book-case, and four solid office-chairs. That was really all, except for one large picture above the desk, of which only the outline was visible. It was on that outline, however, that her eyes rested, and presently she crossed the room and touched a switch that brought the picture, by means of a dozen cunningly hidden lights, into startling prominence. It was a striking portrait of Michael Quarrier that suddenly dominated the room. The artist had caught, with a skill almost uncanny, the observant keenness of the eyes, the half-satirical, half-humorous curve of the mouth.

Penelope's lips parted. "I'm going to do it," she breathed.

She started at a sudden sound outside, and her hand rose swiftly to the switch. But it was too late; the door was open.

"May I come in? They told me you were here," said a man's voice. Then his eyes fell on the portrait, and he hesitated.

"Yes; come in," said *Penelope*, flushing. "I—didn't mean to see you here, but it doesn't matter."

He glanced round the room curiously, and she answered his unspoken question.

"It was Michael's office."

His surprise was barely concealed. "And that's his portrait?"

She nodded. "Can't you guess why I'm here?" she asked softly.

He thought a moment. "Pen," he cried, "is it yes?"

She held out her hands to him. "It's yes. I came here to see if I was strong enough to do it in spite of him, Basil." She laughed a little nervously. "In fact—I came to tell him. I didn't want him to think I was afraid."

He smiled. "You speak as if he were alive, Pen."

"Do I?" She thought it over. "You see, you never knew him, or you'd understand how impossible it is to think of him in any other way. He—he was so tremendously alive."

His eyes travelled rather restlessly to the portrait. "It's a weird effect," he said, with something like awe. "He kind of paralyses one. Let's switch off."

"No," she said quickly, and to his look of astonishment conceded. "You see, it's his room. And he has a right to know."

"But—you never cared, Pen," he expostulated.

She shook her head. "No, I never cared. Only—oh, he was very good to me, and I'm breaking my promise."

"He had no right to extort it," he said indignantly. "The world isn't ruled by dead men."

She did not answer; her eyes were on the picture. Across the six years' gap the words of this dead man were still potent: she winced under them. 'A sense of degradation, a definite assurance of infamy.' From that there never would be any escape. But—she had chosen, and Basil was speaking.

"I hardly dared to hope," he was saying. "Pen, which of my masterly arguments convinced you?"

She smiled faintly. "Oh, don't you see there are no arguments? He took them all away. But I have done what I could."

"Dear," he said, "don't let's spoil our lives with it. Forget, because we love each other."

She nodded. "Only don't let's ever talk about it, Basil."

"Never," he agreed, and added joyously, "Pen, shall it be Italy?"

She looked bewildered. "Italy?"

"Our honeymoon."

She stood still, with the stillness of one brought face to face with overwhelming danger.

"You—you did understand, didn't you, Basil?" she asked painfully. "You knew what I meant by saying I had done what I could?"

His face was frankly puzzled. "Not in the least. What have you done?"

Her startled eyes sought his. "Think!" she urged. "You *must* know. You do see that, though nothing could ransom my promise, I had at least to give up his money?"

He started. "Pen! You have done that?" They faced each other blankly.

"You mean—you don't approve?" she asked.

He frowned. "I don't understand. He left you his money unconditionally. It was yours."

"Ah!"

In the pause that followed something fell from her—some rosy veil that had coloured the world.

"Could you have borne to spend it?" she asked dully.

He reddened. "That question puts me in a false position, Pen. It isn't fair. You know that in two or three years I shall be on my feet. But to pinch and economise now would be fatal to the practice. You see that?"

"Yes, I see that," she said, still in the same dull voice. "So it makes a difference, you mean?"

He winced. "You seem to be trying to put the worst complexion on what I say. It makes a difference to this extent—that we shall have to wait. I am spending the last halfpenny of my income at present, and must continue to do so for at least two years. You see that, too? To marry now would be madness."

"Yes," she agreed, "madness."

"And yet—ah, Pen! Do you realise what it means to have you cut off from me for two whole years? If only you had told me before doing this unalterable thing I could have made you see how—how grotesquely unnecessary it was!"

"It isn't unalterable," she said, in a dazed voice. "You misunderstood. I didn't mean it was actually done."

"Ah!" He leaned forward eagerly. "And you mean you do see—?"

She shrank back. "I've lost you," she said piteously.

He raised his eyebrows. "That isn't fair either, Pen. It's not a question of loss, but of whether you keep the money and marry me now, or give it away and marry me in two years."

She shook her head. "No, it's a question of loss. And—and I think I want to be alone."

"Pen!"

She wanted it so much that no cruelty was too great if it would accomplish it.

"Don't you see what I mean?" she cried recklessly. "I've lost you because you were never there. . . ."

The door closed behind him, and she gave a little sigh of relief. As a magnet the portrait of Michael Quarrier drew her. She sat down at the desk and looked up.

"He couldn't understand," she whispered. "I must have been blind."

And then it rushed upon her—the strangeness of this instinctive appeal to the portrait of a dead man. She tried confusedly to account for it. But all explanation seemed defective. Her mind leapt across the chasm of years, and saw him again as on that last day—heard his voice.

"Worked it out rather satisfactorily another way . . . quite prepared to wait . . . reckoned on another ten—well, perfect years . . . the ghost of a possibility that one day you will understand—oh, barely the ghost! Supposing he were to disappoint you, for instance." . . .

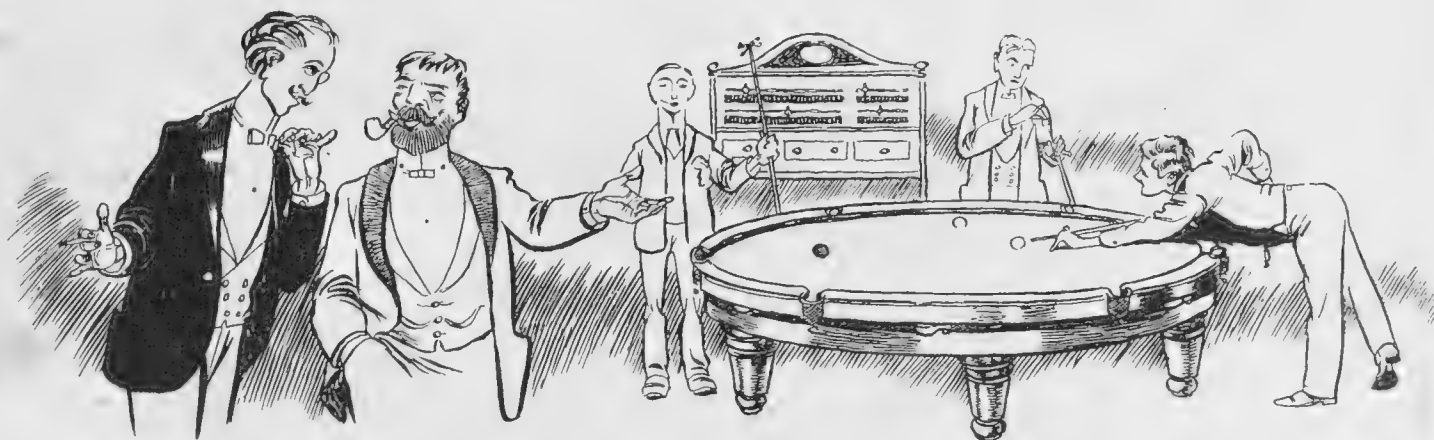
Every word was suddenly laden with an almost intolerable new weight of meaning.

"I must have been blind!" she gasped, for the second time. A sob caught her by the throat, and she swayed forward.

"Michael!" she cried, and there was that in her voice for which he had been willing to wait ten years. "Oh, Michael, there—there *must* be Heaven! . . . for you and me."

THE END.

GAMES FOR THE GAMIEST OF THE GAME.



"IF AFTER ALL THESE YEARS WE FIND BILLIARDS BECOMES TOO EASY ON THE ORDINARY TABLE WHY NOT MAKE OTHER GAMES MORE DIFFICULT FOR THE EXPERT?"



FOR EXAMPLE, THE GOLFER SHOULD 'PUT' INTO A HOLE AT THE TOP OF A MOUND



..... SPORTS MEN SHOULD SHOOT BACKWARDS, EITHER BY THE AID OF A MIRROR OR OTHERWISE



..... THEN AGAIN, SURELY TENNIS MIGHT BECOME A WINTER GAME, TO BE PLAYED ON SKATES, AND PROFESSIONALS HANDICAPPED WITH A SPRING HANDLED RACQUET."

WHAT EVERY WOMAN DOES.



SHE: I really mustn't stay, though I love looking at hats. To tell the truth, I came in to look for my sister.
THE LONG-SUFFERING ASSISTANT: Well, if you think she's in this one, I may as well get it down too.

DRAWN BY PHILIP BAYNES.

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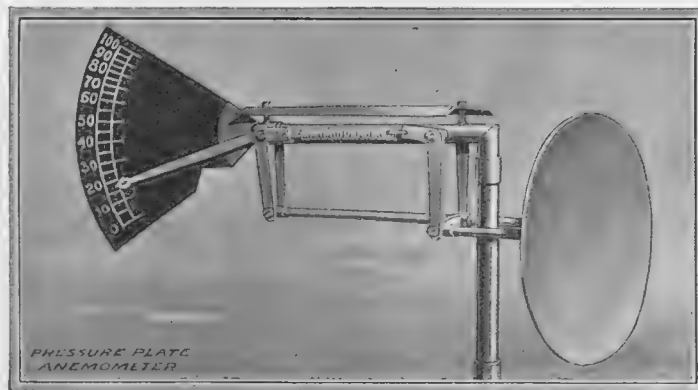
The Public as Experts. The total of the attendance during the eight days of the late Motor Exhibition at Olympia amounted to no less than 193,410—a number far in excess of that attained at any previous function of the kind in this country. It is not fair to contrast the figures with those of the later Salons, for those exhibitions kept their doors open for something like three weeks, and admittance was practically free on Sundays. Now, notwithstanding the huge crowd which thronged Olympia between Nov. 12 and 20, it must not be supposed that the majority of the visitors were merely curious sightseers, as are so many at the Paris shows. All the stand attendants with whom I have discussed the subject have expressed something more than surprise at the extraordinarily intimate knowledge of automobile mechanics evinced by large numbers of those who examined, and critically examined, their exhibits. A stand attendant to-day must know his own chassis thoroughly, and others almost as well, if he is not to be caught tripping by some unobtrusive querist, to whom but a short time ago motor-mechanism was as Syriac or Sanskrit. Woe to the man who had not his bores and strokes, his wheel-base and wheel-gauge, his length behind dashboard, his gear-ratios all up and down the scale, his speed at any given number of engine-revolutions per minute, his valve sizes and lifts, and his air-travel ready and pat to hand. Moreover, it is futile to urge a poor design over a better. The man in the street is sufficiently primed in his subject to realise when an advocate is making the best of a bad case.

Meechanical Sprags Coming Again. The improvement in detail must give motorists much to ponder and discuss during the next few weeks, but there is one point upon which many makers are to be congratulated. It is the return to the ratchet-and-pawl form of sprag, the omission of which, and indeed of any

pawl device, the car can be allowed to sit down quietly on her sprag and a fresh start up made in comfort and security.

The Majority of the Pneumatic Tyre.

Twenty-one years ago, Mr. J. B. Dunlop, a veterinary surgeon of Belfast, disturbed at the vibration sustained by his little son while riding a solid rubber-tired safety bicycle, re-invented the pneumatic tyre, which had been conceived and patented by Thompson forty-two years before. On the evening of the second Friday of the Show, the majority of the pneumatic tyre was celebrated by a huge banquet, presided over by Prince Francis of Teck, with Mr. Harvey Du Cros as the guest of the evening. A gold casket, subscribed for by over eight hundred and fifty representatives of the Cycle, Motor, and Allied Trades in all parts of the world, was then presented to Mr. Harvey Du Cros as an acknowledgment of his foreseeing the potentialities and the future of the pneumatic tyre at the moment of its reincarnation. Mr. J. B. Dunlop and other inventors who contributed to the perfection of the pneumatic tyre were present, and shared in the honours of the evening.



AN INSTRUMENT THAT SHOWS WHEN IT IS POSSIBLE FOR MAN TO FLY: THE PRESSURE-PLATE ANEMOMETER.

This apparatus is designed to indicate the velocity of the wind without any figures or formulae, and is a specialty of Messrs. Negretti and Zambra. A particular feature of it is the patented system of levers, which makes it possible to have the spaces on the dial practically equidistant one from the other. If the pressure acted on the springs direct, the spaces indicating the low velocities would have to be very close together, while those indicating high velocities would have to be widely separated. The index, being large, can be read at a considerable distance, while it acts as a tail and keeps the apparatus face to the wind.

Improvements in Suspension. Attention is again being given to the improvement of motor-car suspension, a detail which, for reasons I

cannot explain, has in the majority of cases been left very much *in statu quo*. I have already referred to that remarkable and beautiful contrivance, the Cowey Automobile Suspension, but the Show produced another device of which I feel sure much will be heard in the future. I refer to the "Amans" Pneumo-Suspension, which was shown upon the Gaulois Stand, and demonstrated on a 24-h.p., Minerva car fitted with solid rubber tyres of the size of standard pneumatics. The apparatus may be described as a pneumatic shock-absorber, but its special design and



VOTE FOR—FRESH MILK: THE SUFFRAGETTE WOMAN-FARMER ON HER MOTOR MILK-CART.

Miss Le Lacheur owns and manages, with the aid of a staff of women, a dairy-farm situated some eight miles from Reading. All of those concerned in the management are Suffragettes; and a board with "Votes for Women" upon it has a prominent place on the farm, which covers eighty acres.—[Photograph by Halfones.]

form of sprag from some cars was becoming too frequent. It will be suggested, of course, that with good brakes in proper working order a sprag is not required; but the brakes sometimes fail through forgetfulness or neglect, and then, under certain circumstances, such as missing a change down on a very steep slope, the position of the motorist is not a happy one. With the ratchet-and-



VOTE FOR—FRESH AIR: MOTORISTS CAMPING OUT IN DAUPHINÉ.

Only the other day we gave an illustration of a motor-car the hood of which could be turned into a sleeping-tent. Before that we had shown a car that looked like a travelling stores. Now we show yet another car for the camper-out. In this case, too, shelter is provided.—[Photograph by Branger.]

modifications endow it with cushioning qualities which no shock-absorber yet produced has exhibited. I was afforded a short run on the car in question, and could not imagine that I was not riding over pneumatics. I am informed that the experts of the General Motor-Cab Company look with great favour on this device, and expect it to save them a very large tyre expenditure.

KEY-NOTES

The Return of Gerhardt.

Madame Elena Gerhardt, who made a welcome reappearance in London last week, is one of the artists who owes a great deal to a personality that in some manner overshadows her own. In her most successful recitals she has been associated with Arthur Nikisch, who is quite unrivalled as an interpreter of one part of the modern song. In old days songs and music were hardly related, save when some very great master was responsible for the setting, and even then the dominant question was one of appropriate melody, and little else mattered. But the modern song-writers — Wolff, Strauss, Debussy, Vincent d'Indy, Duparc, and a large company of clever but less distinguished men, aim at creating an atmosphere, at reflecting back the lyric light, at expressing in terms of music the poet's imagination. Nikisch responds to these varied moods and intentions instinctively, and he seems to know how to preserve an exquisite balance of tone between piano and voice, so that when he accompanies Gerhardt there is a perfection of ensemble that well-nigh defies analysis. It is no reflection upon Landon Ronald, one of the cleverest and most accomplished figures in the musical world of London, to say that he has not the same quality of personal magnetism that enables Nikisch to bind voice and accompaniment in perfect union, and at the Gerhardt recital there was a very definite feeling that the singer did not reach the highest point of her accomplishment. She, too, appeared to recognise the truth sufficiently to make certain concessions to what enjoys the proud title of "popular taste." If the singer had not established her reputation as one of the very greatest song-interpreters of our time there would, of course, be nothing but praise for her recital, for even when she is not at the top of her form she is better than nearly all her contemporaries who are. Mme. Gerhardt will be heard at the New Symphony Orchestra's concert at the Albert Hall on Sunday next.

Pianist and Composer. When one reads, after the advertisement of a forthcoming recital by a musician unknown to the musical world in general, the words "Concert Direction Daniel Mayer," it is perfectly safe to assume that the artist will be worth hearing, for Mr. Mayer seems to attract to his agency the finest players and singers in the world, and he does not lend his name to any performer of second-rate capacity. One of the latest newcomers to appear under his auspices is Herr Ernest Schelling, a musician who has the double gifts of composer and interpreter. At the Queen's Hall last week he took the solo part in his own pianoforte concerto, aided by the London Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Richter, and proved himself not only a pianist of great attainments,

but a composer who can write an elaborate concerto with due regard to the proper balance between piano and orchestra, and possesses a feeling for orchestral writing as welcome as it is rare. As each section of the orchestra came into special prominence it seemed as though the composer's special gifts lay in writing for the section under notice, and when the performance was completed it was plain that Herr Schelling's knowledge of the orchestra, like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, is "extensive and peculiar." From first to last the concerto is direct and clear in thought, and brilliant in expression—the work of a man whose gifts are distinctly out of the common, whose inspiration is definite and sustained. The composer-pianist may claim to have created a most favourable impression, and to have taken an assured place in popular favour at a time when the claimants for such a position are more numerous, more insistent, and more highly gifted than at any period in our musical history. He gave a recital on Thursday last at the Bechstein Hall.



A THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD SCHOOLBOY WHO IS TO EARN £100 A WEEK: MASTER WILFRED MORRISON.

Master Morrison, of Toronto, is described as "the world's greatest boy soprano singer." He is to be paid £100 a week to make a tour of the United States, from New York to San Francisco, and of Australia. The tour in question is to last for a year. At the end of this he is likely to visit London.

Photograph by Fuller and Osborne.

Queen's Hall Concerts.

The New Symphony Orchestra's concerts are taking rank among the most pleasant features of our musical life, and under Mr. Landon Ronald's skilled direction the programmes are never without interest. Mr. Eddy Brown, the talented young American, gave a concert at Queen's Hall on Wednesday last, with the aid of Mr. Ronald's orchestra, but it is a pity that he could find nothing more attractive than the first tiresome Max Bruch Concerto, which, like the poor, is always with us. It is doubtless very clever music, but it has not the intrinsic merit that alone can justify ceaseless repetition; and the other concerti for violin by the same composer are, if possible, still more uninteresting. But, for reasons best known to themselves, young

violinists will play these tedious show-pieces until the average concert-goer must be as tired of them as royalty may be supposed to be tired of the National Anthem. Mr. Brown also played three movements from Lalo's "Spanish Symphony," and his clever, fluent playing received ample recognition. The New Symphony Orchestra contributed to the performance Parry's "Overture to an Unwritten Tragedy"—like so many of its composer's works, a spirited, thoughtful, and outstanding piece of music; and one of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies. In the evening another large gathering assembled in the Queen's Hall to support Mr. Robert Newman, whose annual concert was given by the Queen's Hall Orchestra. It is needless to say that the orchestra treated the various selections from Wagner's operas with distinction, or that Madame Kirkby Lunn's contribution to the occasion was worthy her great gifts and firmly established reputation.



A GREAT COVENT GARDEN "STAR" IN AN UNUSUAL SETTING: LA TETRAZZINI KEEPING HOUSE IN HER NEW YORK FLAT.

Christmas Presents for All.

Unfailing Fount of Gifts.

possible to find. The firm have three large establishments in London, besides dozens in the provinces, on the Continent, and over-seas. The London ones are 158-162, Oxford Street; 2, Queen Victoria Street; and 220, Regent Street. Not only do these shops teem with novelties fanciful and useful, but the prices are moderate, and the purchaser is assured of having value for money. A new hunting-flask and sandwich-case which straps to the saddle is a good gift for a man. The case is silver, the flask silver-mounted, and both fit into an neat, solid-leather case. Then a woman would be charmed with such a pretty grey-suede bag, drawn together with a gilt chain from which hangs a lucky charm. Inside the bag is a little fitted vanity-bag, a secret pocket for bank-notes, and a smaller purse for silver; it has several compartments, and is not only useful but most dainty and ornamental. It fastens quaintly with a large stud. A lovely thing in Prince's Plate, the nearest known

thing to solid silver, is a graceful Empire basket for fruit or flowers. It has a network for use when it is filled with flowers, in which case it has a lining. For fruit it is perfect. A present for the million is a large sugar-dredger at 10s. 6d., or a hot-water-jug at £1. A pretty novelty, and inexpensive, is a cigarette-case and tinder-box combined, in Russian wood lightly mounted in gold. This is a present for either a man or a lady—I hardly know which would more appreciate it. A cigar-lighter in oxydised silver, in the shape of a lucky devil, with red eyes and a fearsome, quivering red tongue, is quaint: It is a devil you cannot knock over, too, for, do what you will, he is up again. A silver-topped ink pot, with perpetual

calendar-cards in celluloid fitted up behind the lid, is a useful and ornamental gift. Very excellent value is a tall, pierced-silver dessert-dish at £3 15s.

A trinket-box in silver, standing on sturdy little silver feet, with a lid of tortoiseshell inlaid with silver, for 25s. will assuredly appeal to present-seekers. Very neat is a silver-and-tortoiseshell card-case which turns on a hinge. A stamp-moistener in silver, the business end of which keeps perpetually damp if the tube be filled with water, while at the other end there is a little roller to press the stamp or envelope-flap down, is an inexpensive gift and a novelty. In fitted motor-bags there is variety in price and in style. As to fitted dressing-bags and suit-cases, the firm is well known for the excellence and variety of

these in all parts of the world. A roll-up, fitted dressing-case for a man is a useful gift in these days of motor visiting and week-ending. The great thing about the wide selection of bags at Mappin and Webb's is that many of them are exclusive. Quite new are some in old ivory - white crocodile skin. These are exclusive, as are many in suède; one, called the

Sabretache, is quite fascinating. Capital gifts are hot-milk tumblers in white china, -fitted into plated frames and with plated covers. A neat shaped pocket flask for a hunting, shooting, or fishing man has a cleverly arranged top, which opens right away from the neck, so that the lips can get right over it and the contents be absorbed comfortably. It is impossible in a short space to do more than hint at the novelties at Mappin and Webb's. A splendidly illustrated catalogue, which is a good guide, will be sent on application to any of their establishments.

Luxurious Comfort. To minister to the comfort of a friend is to prove yourself a friend indeed. Many of those we know are ill, and for them luxurious comfort is a real Christmas boon. The old-established but eminently up-to-date firm of J. and A. Carter, New Cavendish Street, at the corner of Great Portland Street, are specially the providers of luxury and comfort to the sick and well. Their magnificent new show-rooms are filled with things which are a liberal education in what can be done in this respect. To give such things as these has the double value of understanding sympathy


and generosity. A bed-table of oak on a metal stand is useful for writing, music-stand, card-playing, meal-taking, and many other purposes. It is solid, substantial, of British make—made, in fact, at Messrs. Carter's works in London—and the cost is 35s. A reclining-chair can be procured from 35s., the position of which can be easily altered at will. An easy-chair which is a perfect marvel of clever mechanism for the comfort of its occupant is a production of which the firm has just reason to be proud. Reading-stands can be brought from 17s. 6d. The bath-chairs are wonderful, so are easy-running self-propelling chairs and lever hand-tricycles, on ball-bearings. I think that Carter's motto—"The Alleviation of Human Pain"—is a most appropriate one to a firm devoting such real talent to the purpose with such splendid results.

Choicest of the
Choice.

Choicest of the
 Choice.

visit it. There are charming novelties to be found there. Also, the jewellery, silver, gold, and fancy things are wonderfully cheap, because they are remarkably good. A gold, long safety-pin-brooch, mounted with a pearl and a peridot, for £1 2s. 6d., is a find when one is assured of the goodness of it by the fact of having purchased it of such a firm. A heart-shaped diamond pendant, with a border of finest enamel, for £12 10s., is a most acceptable gift, and wonderful value too. What woman would fail

A delightful shop is that of Messrs. Wilson and Gill, 139 and 141, Regent Street. When on Christmas shopping bent, on no account fail to

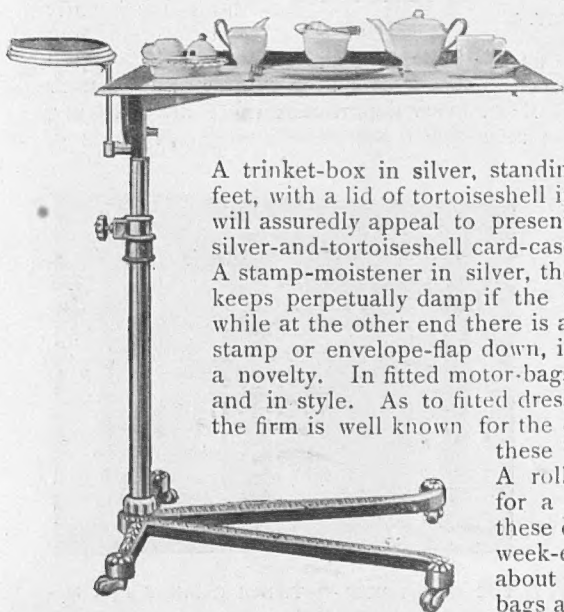


AN ADJUSTABLE EASY-CHAIR TO BE SEEN AT MESSRS.
 J. AND A. CARTER'S, NEW CAVENDISH STREET, W.

A delightful shop is that of Messrs. Wilson and Gill, 139 and 141, Regent Street. When on Christmas shopping bent, on no account fail to charming novelties to be found there. Also, the old, and fancy things are wonderfully cheap.



SOME USEFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENTS; TYPICAL NOVELTIES AT MESSRS. MAPPIN AND WEBB'S.



A BRITISH-MADE OAK BED-TABLE
FOR 35s. AT MESSRS. J. AND A.
CARTER'S, NEW CAVENDISH STREET,
GREAT PORTLAND STREET, W.



AN ADJUSTABLE EASY-CHAIR TO BE SEEN AT MESSRS.
J. AND A. CARTER'S, NEW CAVENDISH STREET, W.

to be delighted with a necklet of square peridots, finished with a pear-shaped one as a pendant, the whole gracefully entwined with pearls and diamonds, the price being only £15? There is quite a feeling for circular ornaments now. A lovely one in pearls and diamonds, with an enameled border, is £8 10s., while a pearl-and-diamond all-round wreath-brooch costs only £7 10s. Lucky charms are always greatly esteemed; a gold Lincoln imp for 15s. will therefore appeal to many. A diamond bar-brooch studded with three large pearls is cheap at £4 10s. A solid silver letter-balance is a useful and dainty gift, and costs—up to 16 oz., £1 17s. 6d.; up to 11 lb., £5 5s. An automatic corkscrew with a staghorn silver-mounted handle is good for a gift, and costs only £1 2s. 6d. Motor flower-vases are favourite presents. Wilson and Gill have them in silver with electro-plated holders at £1 7s. 6d., and all in electro-plate, with a universal joint to keep it always upright, 15s. Of cigarette-cases and match-boxes for men or ladies there is endless variety and at all prices, from £1 to £20. Clocks and watches, always useful gifts, abound. A diamond pin, with a fine model of a pike, will appeal to anglers for that wary fish. A gold safety-pin flower-holder is a useful present, especially now that flowers are so much worn with winter coats and furs; in plain gold it costs 17s. 6d., and with turquoise ends £1 17s. 6d. The middle of the pin bulges out to give space for the stems of the flowers. Fob-chains, which are much in use again, can be seen in gold-mounted ribbon, and in different patterns in gold, with and without seals. A capital gift for a lady is a pair of gold-mounted tortoiseshell combs, or a single one. These are obtainable from 17s. 6d. up to 30s. Flexible bracelets are particularly delicate and pretty. One in platinum and gold, studded with pearls, struck me as splendid value for £6. The firm is also strong in pretty, dainty, and original hat-pins. The best way to glean a really fair idea of their presents is to send for their profusely illustrated catalogue.



ONE ITEM IN THE
SHEM-EL-NESSIM
SERIES.

Shem-el-Nessim Toilet-
Water, made by Messrs.
J. Grossmith, Son, and Co.,
29, Newgate Street, E.C.



A HEART-SHAPED DIAMOND PENDANT, WITH ENAMEL BORDER, FOR £12 10s.; A GOLD SAFETY-PIN WITH PEARL AND PERIDOT, FOR £1 2s. 6d.; A ROUND ORNAMENT IN PEARLS AND DIAMONDS FOR £8 10s., AND ANOTHER ORNAMENT, AT MESSRS. WILSON AND GILL'S, 139 and 141, REGENT STREET, W.



AN ATTACHÉ DISPATCH-CASE FITTED WITH STATIONERY, FOR 15s. 9d.; AN EXTENDING JEWEL-CASE FOR 22s. 6d.; AND A BRIDGE-CASE FOR 7s. 6d., AT MESSRS. WARING'S, OXFORD STREET.

Poetry of Perfume. To be "scented" is quite a wrong idea. No woman of refinement is ever "scented"; she has a pet perfume, which is subtly part of herself. Messrs. J. Grossmith, Son, and Co. have made this poetry of perfume an Englishwoman's ideal. The way to secure the proper effect is to use the whole series of one special odour—the tooth-powder, soap, toilet-water, face-powder, the perfume itself, and sachets for clothes; and now the firm include in their series a cooling, cleansing, refreshing hair-tonic, to be followed by quite a new departure—crystallised brilliantine, which is easily carried, and can be used without mess to give the last touch of gloss to the

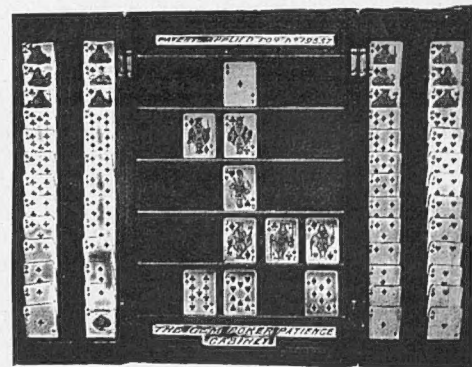
of the firm. I think "Shem-el-Nessim," carried out thoroughly, and producing as it does the perfectly refined effect, is a thing that makes your friends just a little more delighted to see you than if you arrived either without an aura so delicate and delicious or with a pronounced sweet odour predominating, or, worse than all, with a mixture of sweet essences irritating to olfactory nerves. The use of the toilet-water—a few drops in the basin and spoonful in the bath—is a particularly delightful thing, and very necessary when, as in most towns, the water is hard.

Poker-Patience.

These who play Poker-Patience should see the "Gem Poker-Patience Cabinet," made by the International Card Company, of 2, Bury Street, E.C. The "player's" cards are easily extracted, and played without the necessity of sorting through the whole pack of cards. The Cabinet can also serve as a board, and on each side is a ladder arrangement in which the four suits are uniformly laid out in front of the player. When not in use the Cabinet folds up, and there is sufficient room to contain a number of packs and scorers. It is made in polished walnut, mahogany, and oak, with folding-lid, which, when opened, exhibits the cards on each side arranged in correct order.

A Palace Full of Presents.

There is something particularly fascinating about a visit to such a firm as Waring's, especially when their palatial premises in Oxford Street are given over to a display of Christmas gifts, as is now the case. In every department there are presents, and those of the most attractive description and at all kinds of prices. Few things are more appreciated than table-lamps. Of these there is a wonderful variety. A tall standard, very safe and substantial, the oil-tank and stand of polished brass, with duplex burner, is £4 17s. 6d. A table-lamp, also of polished brass, with keyswitch and a charming silk shade, is 21s. A very pretty reading-lamp, finished in dead gold, with a silk shade and key-switch, is £2 12s. 6d. These



THE GEM POKER-PATIENCE CABINET FOR 21s., MADE BY THE INTERNATIONAL CARD CO 2, BURY STREET, ST. MARY AXE E.C.

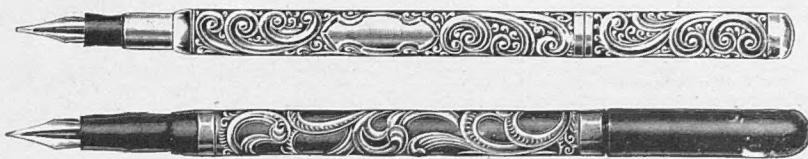
well-brushed hair. To go through the whole toilet with the series is to secure the perfect refinement of perfuming. There is plenty of choice in the successful productions of Messrs. J. Grossmith. "Shem-el-Nessim" has secured a world-wide success, and no wonder—it is so haunting and so suggestive of the summer and the sunshine and the flowers. There is a wide choice, and a series is arranged in each. "Orchidor," "Regal," and "Nā-i" are three of the latest English productions

are invaluable presents for a country hostess. Very neat are attaché dispatch-cases fitted with stationery, for 15s. 9d. Extending jewel-cases lined with champagne-coloured silk and velvet—the cases green, sultan, or royal red, with gilt locks and leather strap-handles—are cheap and useful gifts for 22s. 6d. So, too, is a bridge-case in green, blue, sultan or royal red leather, fitted with two packs of cards, scoring-blocks, and a book of rules, for 7s. 6d. Fitted manicure-cases are useful; and a capital wicker luncheon-case, fitted for six persons, and costing 45s., is a cheap and most acceptable gift in these days of motoring. Tuckaway, folding writing-tables, leather-lined, and fitted with scissors, knife, sealing-wax, ink-eraser, paper-cutter, and stationery, and having useful pockets, in oak, walnut, or mahogany, cost only £5 5s. Cigar-cabinets, easy-chairs, bureaux, silver cigarette-boxes and card-cases, bronzes, silver-backed brushes, bags of all sizes and many kinds (one fitted with a purse and scent-bottle at 3s. 11d.), nests of tables, revolving book-tables—everything that the heart of man or woman can desire is set forth at Waring's, and the prices are very moderate. It is a good plan to send to the firm for their dainty set of illustrated sheets of Christmas presents. They are most illuminating on the subject now occupying so many minds—the gifts that will be most acceptable.

Mein Lieber
Schwan.

Lohengrin did not mean quite what I do when he sang his song of praise to his white swan. Mine is a black swan, a still more desirable bird; while his swam, mine writes. There is no more acceptable Christmas gift than such a Swan fountain-pen. It is safely and inexpensively sent by post, and it is a good friend and a perfect servant. There are two new Swans this year—one called No. 2, which is larger than No. 1, and not so large as No. 3. It has a strong 14-carat nib, carries a good supply of ink, and costs 13s. There is another, No. 4, at 20s. It has an improved feed, and can be filled at the top without unscrewing. It is big and strong and eminently satisfactory. The Longshort Stylo, also made by Messrs. Mabbie, Todd, and Co., has proved so great a success that a larger one is being sold for 5s.; it is invaluable for carrying about. A new chatelaine-pocket for the Swan itself is very useful. It can be had either with a patent clasp to catch in the waistband or with a strong, reliable safety-pin to attach to the dress anywhere. The beauty of the Swan pens is their simplicity, which renders them always effective. There are not any complicated parts to get out of order. For making a handsome gift, there

are some mounted with gold and silver, others made of chased gold and silver, others still cased in a chasing of gold. These presentation pens, when for ladies, have spring chatelaine tops, and are complete in leather cases. They are things that bring real gratitude for years, not for the moment only.



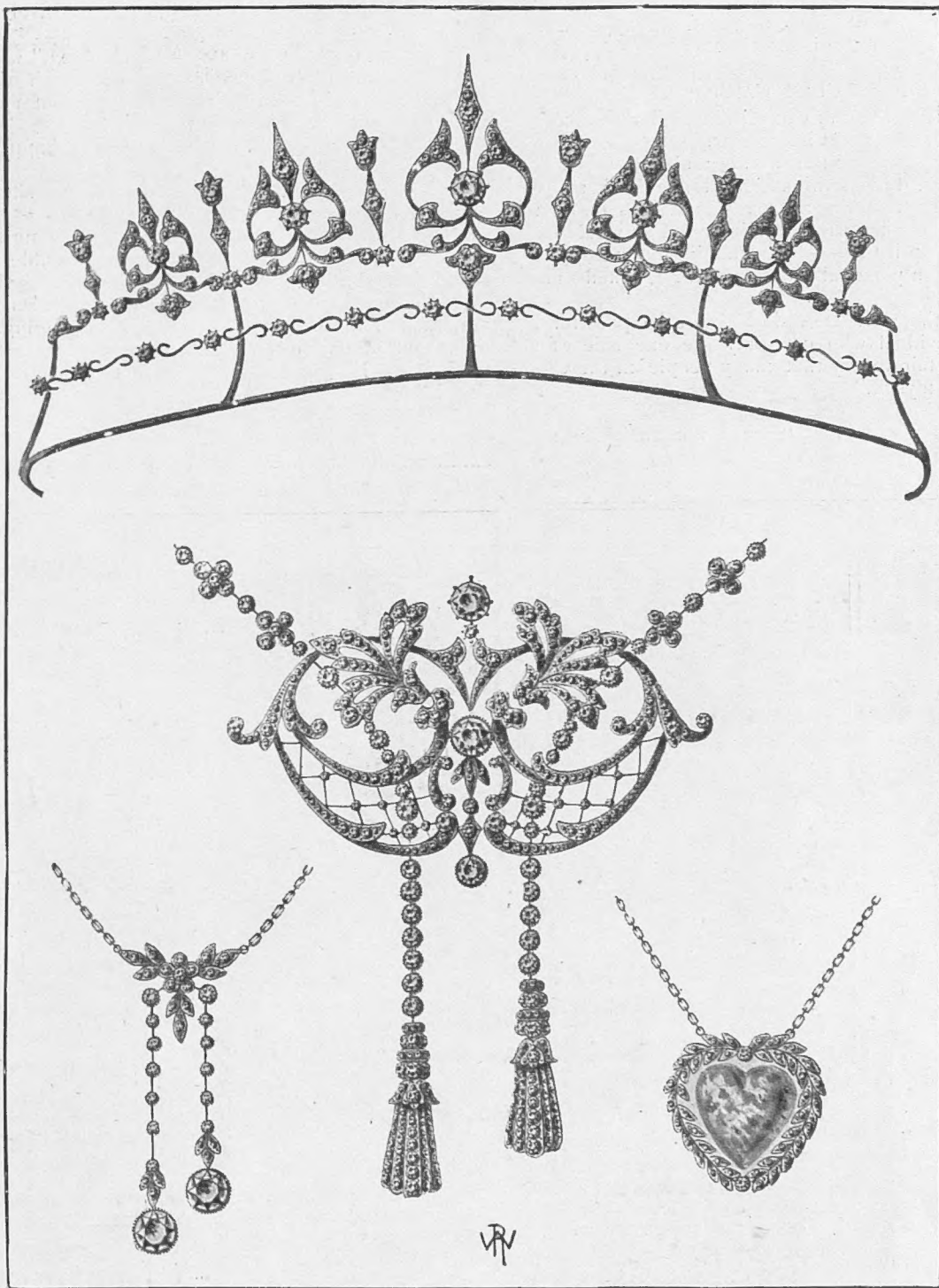
TWO NEW SWAN FOUNTAIN PENS FOR 13s. AND 20s. RESPECTIVELY.

are some mounted with gold and silver, others made of chased gold and silver, others still cased in a chasing of gold. These presentation pens, when for ladies, have spring chatelaine tops, and are complete in leather cases. They are things that bring real gratitude for years, not for the moment only.

Rich and Rare.

Jewels are now worn on all occasions; consequently what was once a sufficient supply of personal ornaments for a woman who goes out a good bit is nowadays wholly inadequate. Small wonder, therefore, that a visit to the Association of Diamond Merchants, Jewellers, and Silversmiths, at 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, is one fraught with great pleasure. These designs are as varied and fine as are those of the world-renowned Rue de la Paix itself, and prove that England can more than hold her own in jewellery; while they are purchased here at prices far more moderate than in Paris. A diamond tiara, which also forms a necklet, is surely in the nature of a bargain for fifty guineas. A really lovely thing, too, is a tassel brooch-necklet in finest diamonds, beautifully mounted in platinum, at

£150; this can be worn as a brooch. Then an opal wreath heart-shaped pendant is a sweet ornament; it is set with fine diamonds, mounted in platinum. The opal is a specially fine one, and the price is £31 10s. Charming is a double-drop pendant, with two big diamonds on long lines of diamonds, falling from a flower-spray in diamonds, all on a platinum chain. The price is most reasonable for so important an ornament, being £65. I was much interested in a parcel of second-hand jewels which the Association has just bought; they are prepared to sell any of them at half their original cost. They are all thoroughly smart, up-to-date ornaments, having been made recently. Not only is this a fine opportunity of making handsome presents, but of investing money soundly. Diamonds have risen twenty-five per cent. during the last three years, and are steadily rising in value. The Association have introduced with great success, for the convenience of their customers, a system of monthly payments. Many of their clients who began buying from them in this way four years ago have now quite charming



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CITY NOTES.

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The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 8.

VERY MISCELLANEOUS.

EGYPTIAN shares, it may have been noticed, are moving up again, and the market in the Stock Exchange appears to put considerable confidence in an advance taking place during December in consequence of the moving of a very large cotton crop. Judging from the prices touched earlier in the year, there seems to be fair scope for improvement in Delta Lands and United Egyptian Lands. The Egyptian Oil shares are a decidedly speculative purchase, and Stock Exchange opinion rather favours Shells, even at the present comparatively extravagant price. Russian Oil shares look high enough; still, Schibaieff Petroleum Preference at about six shillings cannot do anyone a great deal of harm as a sheer gamble. Another gamble of the Industrial type is London General Omnibus stock, which can be bought at something like 17 for the £100 Ordinary stock. Unless it is to be wiped out altogether, or to suffer some heavy assessment, such a figure as 17 looks low, at all events. But perhaps the Preference are, in comparison, lower yet. It may have been noticed that British Electric Traction shares are somewhat less doleful. Here, the £10 Preferences can be bought at about £3 a share, and they, too, bear an appearance of cheapness as a lock-up speculative investment.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"There will be a 5 per cent. rise in Consols," said The Banker.
 "When?" inquired The Merchant innocently.
 "You decline to let me say," was the smiling reply.
 "As much as five points, do you think?" said The Broker.
 "I do indeed," and this time the answer was serious enough.
 "And the Home Railway market will participate. You would see prices what you call romp up if the——" and he discreetly stopped.
 "Is that a general or a personal opinion, Sir?" asked The Merchant.

"I cannot answer for the world, nor do I desire to pose for a moment as the blind individual who can only see one side of a question; but I think it's fair to say that many people in the City are of the same opinion as myself."

"Then you're a——"

A deprecatory wave of the hand. "I was not analysing my political views, or advertising them: I simply state an opinion, and what I believe to be a widely held and a reasonably held opinion."

"Then in the other event? Suppose there is a victory for the——"

"In that case, I do not doubt we shall see a fall in almost any British securities."

"If land is to be attacked now, why shouldn't stocks and shares be the next things for assault?"

"There, it seems to me, you have put the argument in a nutshell. Could the present Government assure, for an absolute certainty, that other species of property were safe from tax-gatherers' interference, I should say that the cause of Free Trade would be immeasurably strengthened."

"Wish we could have protection in the Kaffir Market," growled The Broker. "Protection from the bears, I mean. No, it's not a joke."

"Not a new joke you mean, Brokie."

"Every little rise gets slaughtered by a few mendacious shorts."

"Oh, good, old man!" and The Merchant thumped his friend's back in cordial congratulation. "Mendacious, eh? That's a fine word. Suggests Socialism, somehow."

"They tell me," said The Jobber, "as I've told you before, that it's West Africans rather than South Africans that one ought to buy."

"Wasn't such a bad tip, either," mused The Engineer. "I laid in a few Amalgamated and Fanti Mines on the strength of it."

"There you are!" and the tipster positively beamed upon his apt pupil. "Where shall we go?"

"Let's go into the Yankee Market next," was the wilfully misunderstanding reply. "Kaffirs haven't much rise in them; West Africans are all right if you take them up; but Yankees—— There you do get a run for your money."

"You may get the run, but it usually happens that somebody else gets the money."

"Not if you are a bull of them, and can shell out a few differences if necessary."

The Merchant said he couldn't help thinking that Rubber shares would go still better. "My pet for a gamble is Jecquie if they go to four shillings," he added.

"There are tons of quite good gambles going just now," remarked The Broker. "Look at Vereenigings. The Company has an enormous estate, well timbered, and Lewis and Marks behind it. Do you think all that is dear at twelve-and-sixpence a time?"

"There are East Rand Centrals standing about the same price—practically the lowest of the year. They've been all but thirty shillings, and are bound to be five-and-twenty again. At least, that's my view."

[Continued on Page XII.]



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